



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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NO. 23.

CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; "Man—The Child of Nature and the Son of God," a discourse by James J. Morse.

SECOND PAGE.—Communication from spirit Eona, to the Sun Angels' Order of Light; Transition of Milton C. Harper; "What He Left Behind," a Reply by N. S. Ravlin to a clerical critic; The Right Step, a suggestion to Spiritualists; Short Essays, from spirit W. G. Clayton; Dr. Buchanan's College of Therapeutics; Spiritualism in Denver.

THIRD PAGE.—Continuation of lecture by J. J. Morse; Re-Incarnation.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) Scientific Spiritualism; A New Factor in Education; Psychological Research; The Seibert Commission; Mrs. J. J. Whitney; At the Camp; Editorial Notes.

FIFTH PAGE.—Spiritualism and Religion, by John Wetherbee; A Musical Surprise; Governor Stanford and The Presidency, Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Short Sketches by the Way, Letter from Dr. D. J. Stansbury; Col. Ingersoll on Lawyers; Advertisements, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Jesuit Morality; Extracts from a London Letter; Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Commemorative Poem; God No Respector of Persons; Her Face.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Thankfulness is the tune of angels.—*Edmund Spenser.*

Revenge, however sweet, always costs more than it is worth.

We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures.

Cunning is nothing else but the fool's substitute for wisdom.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day.—*Hannah Moore.*

A good man is kinder to his enemies than a bad man to his friends.

The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.—*Atterbury.*

How can that gift leave a trace which has left no void?—*Madam Swetchine.*

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—*Gauche.*

Never borrow trouble. The interest you have to pay for the accommodation is excessive.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters.—*Lavater.*

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—*Sheridan.*

As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

The troubles of age were intended to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach the end.—*Swift.*

Excellence is placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity.

If, instead of a gem or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give.—*Macdonald.*

Of all things knowledge is esteemed the most precious treasure; because of its incapacity to be stolen, to be given away, or ever to be consumed.—*From the Sanscrit.*

As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird in the air, and the planet on space in its flight, so do nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts.—*Emerson.*

Wise men will apply their remedies to vices, not to names; to the causes of evil, which are prominent, not the occasional organs by which they act, and the transitory modes in which they appear.—*Burke.*

If the search for riches were sure to be successful, though I should become a groom with a whip in my hand to get them, I will do so. As the search may not be successful, I will follow after that which I love.—*Confucius.*

Men of good or evil birth may be possessed of good qualities; but falling into bad company, they become vicious. Rivers flow with sweet waters; but, having joined the ocean, they become undrinkable.—*From the Sanscrit.*

MAN—THE CHILD OF NATURE AND THE SON OF GOD.

A Discourse by the Guides of J. J. Morse, Delivered at the Oakland Camp-Meeting, June 19, 1887.

[Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by G. H. Hawes.]

An inspection of the general character of religious teaching throughout the world will disclose to you the somewhat curious fact of its strongly marked masculine character. All devotions are paid to the father—to the male principle of life—and scarcely any attempt is made at the recognition of any other, or a supposed to be female principle in the constitution of being. The only exception that we can find to this in regard to the religion that is denominated Christian, is in the Catholic Church, which recognizes the Virgin Mary as the earthly mother of God, and imparts a feminine character that you look almost in vain for in other forms of religious thought.

We are inclined to think that the recognition of the masculine principle mainly, in religious thought and teaching, has been the outcome of the supposition of the inferiority of woman. In most of the eastern countries woman has occupied a position of inferiority, and did even in the palmy days of Greece and Rome, wherein it is said the position of woman was greater and grander than it had been before or has been since; yet the grandeur and freedom of the women of those ages was a grandeur and freedom associated with a class of women who would not place in a very high scale of virtue and purity in the nineteenth century.

In the light of what we have just said, it may seem anomalous for us to speak of man as the child of nature and the son of God, and those who are advocates for the equality of the sexes, male and female, may think we are retreating from the sentiments we have already uttered, when we predicate our argument upon man. But we use the term "man" as a complex noun of multitude, embracing woman also; and as it is commonly supposed that man likes to embrace woman, woman may have no objection to being embraced in this complex noun of multitude; so, uniting you both in one harmonious definition, we may please you both.

When you bear in mind that the positive power of life has always been supposed to be resident in the male character, it is quite natural to suppose that the positive power of the universe will be invested in the male personal form also; and therefore, until it can be recognized and clearly understood that there are negative forces of operation, as well as positive forces of operation, and that the union of the positive and the negative may sometime bring you to the perfect whole—until it is realized that there is a community of life, as well as an individuality of life, and that life on either side is complementary each to the other, you will continue to have a masculine religion; you will still be taught to hold woman in subjection, and to keep her down in the scale of social and intellectual life.

We claim that nature protests against any supposition of inferiority in the female principle, and that so far as the essential soul life and character is concerned, it is a basic fact that men and women are equal in the sight of God. All are basically equal, in their essential natures, and the variation—the differentiation in characteristics—gives that wonderful diversity and complexity to society which makes it so beautiful and fair to gaze upon when organized in true relationship.

So little attention has been paid to the mother side of the question that you have turned to your father; your prayers are to your father, and you have not considered whether the divine order of nature may not be the duplicate expression of the divine order of human life. The motherhood and fatherhood of human life is essential for the childhood of the race, and it may be there is motherhood and fatherhood of being which is also essential for the childhood of humanity at large. Therefore, in inviting your attention to the two sides of the question of the motherhood of nature and the fatherhood of God, we are endeavoring to bring the great dual

principles of being plainly before you, so you may apprehend the duality of existence in nature, in God, and even in yourselves.

Man, as a child of nature, is the first proposition we have to consider. What do we mean by this? If we are to disabuse your minds—as we certainly shall try to—of the supposition of the miraculous creation of man—that he was made in a certain way, and that the world was made out of nothing—we should have to put some other hypothesis in the place of that; and the only hypothesis we feel worthy to be put in the place of this would be the supposition that physically the world has contained all that is in humanity within its primal potencies, and that all you find in the organic structures, as now living in the world, are the present day embodiment and the present day manifestation of the primal potencies that were originally in the cosmic condition of the globe—that from a physical point of view they have been directly and absolutely derived from nature; have been born out of her gestatory processes; born of the throes of storm and earthquakes, the convulsions of the air, the upheavals of the deep, and all the labor of material existence. When we take this position we have motherhood in nature on the physical side so far as the human race is concerned.

But still another point of resemblance comes before us. Not only have you been derived from the body of nature, not only brought forth from the birth pangs of the past, but you draw your sustenance from her broad bosom; you live upon her life; you are feeding upon her products, and physically you are as absolutely dependent upon mother nature as the child is dependent upon the mother. So then, when we take these considerations in view—the fact that you are born from nature, and that you are sustained by nature—the fact is placed clearly before you that nature must be, in a grand and universal sense, the mother of mortal human life.

Then we must bear in mind that nature is with you, and keeping you, and carrying you all through your career. She has placed absolute laws about you that you can not violate without being chastised by her, for every time you attempt to violate a law of nature, nature's laws chastise you—drive you back again. It is as useless for you to kick against the pricks as for Paul at the time when he had that marvelous experience while on his journey to persecute the Christians. Nature, like a wise and considerate mother, hedges her children round about with safeguards which conduce to their good, and develop their intellectual, moral and spiritual nature. And then, at the end of life, when they grow weary, and the mortal body, having accomplished its purposes, begins to dwindle and pine away, and one by one the cords of life are sundered, then nature harmoniously closes your eyes, dulls your outward perceptions and senses, and gradually prepares you for entering into the broader ocean of immortal life that washes the continent of eternal being. And when your mortal body has been lowered into her heart, she covers it with a mantle of emerald green. The daisies will blossom there, fair flowers make beautiful the spot, and scatter their fragrance on the breeze. Nature does not mourn over the death of human kind, but, spreading over the body beautiful living raiment of grasses and flowers rich and rare, she says: "Behold I sing the song of everlasting life, the life that rises from death triumphant; and the grasses that wave upon human graves are the sure promise of the greater life rising from the death of humanity."

Nature is the mother of man, and how did she make him? What was it that rendered his coming possible? You know that so far as human life is concerned, motherhood calls for its complement in fatherhood, and as a natural result we must search out the principle of fatherhood in the constitution of nature if we would establish clearly and emphatically the principle we are endeavoring to present to you.

"Nature is self-sufficient for her own phenomena," is the dictum of modern science, and if you go outside of that dictum you must fall back upon miraculous intervention. But the more you study the laws of nature the less likely you are to receive the doctrine of miraculous intervention; the more you know of the laws and principles of nature—the closer you analyze her phenomena, the further back you

refer each succeeding form of operation—the more the conviction is borne in upon your soul that the dictum of modern science is correct, and that nature is sufficient for her own phenomena.

But if we were to admit a purely material hypothesis without any reservation or without any analysis, and commit ourselves entirely to it, we should, of course, fall into the usual physical mistake, and attribute consciousness and mind and soul and all the higher qualities of your being entirely to physical phenomena in the realm of physical existence. Therefore life would be reduced to the mere question of mechanics, and you would be mere automata. This, of course, we can not admit. We can admit the fact that the universe contains within itself all that is requisite for its own development; but we can not admit that the physical universe is its own author; we must go a stage beyond this.

Physically speaking, materially considered, the scientific dictum is true; but we are thrown back upon the old and everlasting questions, Whence came this universe? What is the secret that it envelopes—what the power that controls it? What is the essence that works through it—shines in the glory of the flower, glitters in the beauty of the wave, rolls in the grandeur of the sky, shines out in the magnificence of human nature, declares itself in the royalty of the human soul? What is this vivifying element, deep down in the heart of things? What is the only essential force that causes all to leap into life and to develop the parts and orders that make up the universal whole? Science says it is not concerned in any such inquiry; shirks the question when you bring it to an issue, and contents itself by saying, "We are only concerned in the searching out of the laws governing the phenomena we observe; we are not concerned as to the causes of those laws, the causes of this aggregation we call the physical universe; we are only concerned in observing the order of sequence!"

Well, you can go on observing the order of sequence, piling up details of scientific investigation; you can unfold the facts of chemistry and the various other physical sciences, and by and by you will have a catalogue of facts, absolute facts, undeniable and absolute realities, but what will be the result? You will have another valley of Jehosaphat filled with dry bones, and will need a new spirit breathed into them to bring them forth in all the reality and harmony of the whole and universal life.

How is this to be accomplished? There must be a cause for every phenomenon. Science seeks to find that cause merely in the sequential operation of things, and says if you unite certain chemical elements their amalgamation will produce a certain result, and the cause of that result is the union of the aforesaid elements. You see a coach, and ask why the wheel goes round the axle-tree. Some motive power is applied to the coach, and in consequence of the resistance of the roadway, the wheel revolves. Here you have a cause for that particular phenomenon, and, so far as its essential principles are concerned, you can work them out mathematically for yourselves; but when applied to the phenomena of nature it does not work out so readily. If you explain natural law by the sequence of observed phenomena, you have phenomena solely as the cause of all precedent and succedent phenomena. We want to go behind phenomena; we want to ascertain the cause of the causes. Science responds, "all we can say of the matter is, that we must refer to the unknown quantity, the unknown cause, the mighty something that our intellect and our judgment is not able to grasp or comprehend."

Now when you get face to face with the unknown and the unknowable, when you get face to face with the mighty cause, you are just in the same position that every religious or irreligious person must necessarily occupy. We have never yet found mortal or immortal that could comprehend the character of God, the unknown and the unknowable. The mystery of the great first being is the ultimate end that all investigators eternally encounter as they proceed. Therefore, science and religion will shake hands here. But science admits there is an unknown quantity in nature; it admits there is a something that can not be analyzed behind phenomena; it admits there is a

mighty mystery of being that at present you can only get the faintest glimmerings of. But in this mighty mystery of being—may we be permitted to suggest—the old-fashioned and convenient word, God, expresses all that needs to be conveyed, carries with it all that we would like to imply, and is the very best term we can use in connection with the ideas that we are presenting. But we want to caution you on one point: In using this term "God" for the basic quantity in being, the force behind phenomena, we do not wish you to understand that we are using it in the sense of a personal being. We have no knowledge of a God who has eyes, and arms, and limbs, and mouth like yourselves; if he had, he would only be an exaggerated duplicate of yourselves and subject to all the limitations that are associated with individual and personal conscious existence. We are speaking of the mighty and eternal soul of life—not any person's idea of that soul, but the idea behind the ideas, so to speak—the very soul of being, the eternal and everlasting fountain of all force. Using the word in this sense, we find that God is behind the phenomena of being, and therefore we must accept God as the fructifying force of being; we must accept God as the positive element of being; we must accept God as the soul of nature, and we must accept nature as the body of God.

Then, if you will go one step farther with us, we have God, the father, and Nature, the mother—the positive and negative poles of being—in union, producing the divine humanity of which we form an integral portion. Thus you have a clear conception of the motherhood of nature, and, philosophically speaking, the fatherhood of God; and you can understand the truth of the old statement handed down to you from 1800 years ago, "I and my father are one."

We have clearly seen, from what has already passed, the absolute physical relationship that subsists between man material and the world in which he lives; but we now come to a deeper consideration. In man inheres the maternal qualities, and also the paternal qualities; if he has elements of his mother in his nature, has he not the elements of his father in his nature also? You know there is an old saying, which has some truth in it, that people look like their mothers and act like their fathers. Now, if you look like Mother Nature, and act the fatherhood of God, then we may look for a divine humanity. If you have the elements of nature in your being, but not the constituents of God, then we are afraid that you are a kind of bastard—your mother's children, and not your father's. But we have every assurance that when the character of humanity is looked at beneath the surface of material being, you will find yourselves endowed with every quality and every attribute that your almighty father possesses also. You are conscious; you are intelligent; you are active. These three attributes of your being sum up and contain, within themselves, all the substantial departments that are attached to your personal existence. You are conscious of your existence by the reflection of that existence upon yourself. You are intelligent and able to comprehend the knowledge that flows into you, and to apply it to your needs and necessities. You are active in some form or other, always gathering knowledge, seeking uses, doing something to pass the time.

Does human consciousness maintain itself? Is life rational and intelligent within itself? The human consciousness expresses itself through the different belongings of the human organization; you have a few powers pertaining to this bodily structure of yours through which you come into relationship with external nature, and through the powers and qualities of your intellectual being you come into contact with a greater universe, a still more interior realm. You see what a very respectable kind of people you are, and with the very large qualities and powers belonging to you, what a supreme nature you are endowed with, when you look beneath the surface. When we get right down to the bottom of things; when we reduce them into their natural order and harmony of development, when we rise beyond the atmosphere of the mere external, or enter a plane of summer radiance and divine beatitudes, and you

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

(Given through the Scribe, Mrs. E. S. Fox, by Spirit Eona.)

Eona's greetings to her brothers and sisters in the Order of Light. May seed sown by angel hands not be sown in vain. Eona is one of the tillers of the land, one who for ages has been employed in sowing the choice seed of the kingdom, one who has seen times of growth, bud and bloom, and at times has she joyfully garnered the precious harvest, and to-day in the granaries of Soul Land are treasured many golden sheaves. Eona's heart is glad, her soul rejoices in these abundant harvests, which she and the beloved of her soul have garnered, and which will crown their endless life. Our glad harvest home waits in the not far distant future. Many fields we have tilled, dear heart of mine, many sheaves wait to gladden our future, and still thou art reaping, daily reaping, and Eona is gathering in. Peace be thine ever, and gladness of soul. As a Patriarch thou art walking the rough ways of mortal life, firm, undaunted is thy tread; fearless thou dost hold the banner aloft, which bears upon its stainless folds the words, Wisdom, Love and Truth. Unworthy ones have done their worst, but soul of mine, faithful Eona, thou art unscathed, untouched and the hearts of Saidie and the unnumbered hosts of the Higher Heavens bless you daily. Let thorns awhile pierce the flesh, the spirit is unharmed, and consciousness of well-doing is yours. It is a light to your pathway, and in the sweet bye and bye towards which our longing eyes and heart so often turn, will be the refrain to the glad hallelujahs of redemption we shall sing.

Eona's heart is full of love and gratitude in that she has found the way to your soul, where she can breathe the blessings of her love, to your oft tired, weary life. Let the clouds rise and gather as they will, they must sooner or later pass away. No darkness will cast its chilling mists athwart the pathway home. Home, sweet word, so full of meaning, of tender memories to us twain, who have needed to leave the sacred place and its pleasant paths, and all that there made our lives bright and happy, for the cold valleys of incarnation, for there were fields we must till; there we could sow the seed of immortal truth, and there alone could we reap many, many golden sheaves which will greet our eyes as we again return to our Father's house. All redeemed from the past, all free from dross, as refined gold is free, we will together count o'er our gems, we have earned and own. We have, as all must, trodden again and again the fields of earth life, with its experiences of joy and sorrow; we have learned its many lessons. And now, dear soul of mine, it has been ours to see the Order of Light established in earth land. We have been helpers in its establishment. A wish of our heart has so been realized. Saidie and the band who for ages have worked and planned for this, have so far realized the fulfillment of their greatest hopes. Think not my brothers and sisters in earth valleys, you have been led thus far to be left by the hosts for whom you have labored thus diligently, thus untiringly and truly. You have so firmly planted the Banner of the Sacred Order, that no power will be able to uproot the same. Truth, Love and Wisdom will triumph, until Truth shall reign and mankind know and revere the laws of eternal Love and Wisdom. Eona utters no idle words of prophecy.

Well she knows the trials, the hardships pioneers in the glorious cause of truth and right must endure; not as those of the first settlers of the land, deprivation and want, but trials incident always on the introduction of truth which seems new, into temples of error which have seeming merit of great age. Only a few centuries old are church creeds and dogmas, having their rise in the mind of man. The stream has run along, gathering here and there fresh supplies from wayside brooks of human experience, which have poured their tide into the waters until the stream has gained its present size, strength and power, and still flows on in its own course. But the supplying streams are here and there failing, and ere long the rivers' waters will be found to be moving slowly, feebly along, until when the day of angel light, love and wisdom shall dawn fully in its splendor, the river of old orthodox teaching and faith will be found dry, the banks sandy and unsightly, and perchance mother nature in one of her varying moods may so overturn the soil, that not even a trace of the once rapid, roaring stream will be found. May the day be hastened. May truth illumine hearts and homes, until the monster god, orthodoxy has set on a throne for humanity to worship, shall be dethroned and destroyed, and in his stead mankind shall place the knowledge of the laws which govern all things, shall dare to reason on the relation of cause and effect. And so, understanding the Love of the Infinite will seek to conform their lives thereto in loving obedience. Then will we see homes of the land transformed into little heavens of happiness; mankind living true, pure and good lives; then will the unseen and seen dwellers of both worlds walk hand in hand. Then indeed will death be banished, its terror forever gone. No more will be heard the sound of conflict, contention and war, but peace, sweet peace will bless the land.

How long, oh how long! the weary cry often trembles within the hearts of the an-

gels who long to baptize the earth with love and peace. How long must the hearts of the pure and holy dwellers of celestial fields, be weary and downcast, and wait at the door of our human brother's heart ere we will be bidden welcome. When will the sword of war be converted into an implement of husbandry, and mankind learn war no more?

The workers of the Order, those who have been and are true in heart, earnest in work, and tuned to harmony with the higher spheres, are to-day stronger in purpose, more firmly established in advanced principles, and doing a more glorious work than ever before, since its inauguration. For Saidie and the band worked to bring to the minds and hearts of these children from her center, knowledge of her plans. As they could be, they have been laid before them and heartily accepted by them. True and obedient they have been, while the angels have built as they could with material close at hand, holding the same while they could do so, and when times of trial and times of sifting came, angels themselves were judges, and unworthy, unholy material has been cast aside for that which has been tried and found true. Eona has words of counsel for some of the brothers and sisters who have become members of late. The Guardians who have become dwellers of the higher spheres of life, are seeking to bring to your knowledge, not proof of spirit return alone—this has been demonstrated in many ways—but knowledge of the higher life, that which has come dimly heretofore. They would give to those who are ready, through their own unfoldment to receive actual truths, facts concerning themselves. Soul mates who have watched, guarded and loved their own with a love as sacred as life itself, endeavor to make themselves known and understood through the avenues opened for such communications. The laws of love and wisdom build high above the dust of earth. Such guardians come to brighten earth paths, to lift up and lead out from the shades of earth. Sometimes we must even penetrate the earth mists and even feel their cold, chilling influences in a measure, for the loved must be reached, the weary must be comforted and upheld, wrongs must be made less bitter by helping those we love to bravely bear. We would see each and every member of our loved Order become beacon lights to the world; be grand and glorious living examples of holy, pure living; be teachers to the world of all that is sacred, pure and divine. As we give you truth and light from the higher spheres, because you who dwell on earth, where for a purpose you are now clothed in the garments of your incarnation, exemplifiers of our most glorious, because most true and divine philosophy.

Let the world look as they will, fail never to let it be seen that your lives are built upon the foundation of truth.

Through the entire length and breadth of the Order Saidie looks for earnest, noble ones, with clean hands and pure hearts, and not in vain. Her heart is glad, and many will sing the songs of redemption ere their feet press the shores of the better land. Earnest, noble souls, thinking minds are coming to help, and all will be well.

When again, soul of mine, homeward bound is the song that trembles on our lips, we will bear sheaves well gathered, golden grain which even thy soul is oft unable to realize, for the mists of the valley shroud yet your path, but you are walking with firm tread, and the way leads home. Eona adds this to those waiting messages. A solemn and sacred duty now calls the scribe from her home for a short time. Be patient and all will be well.

May the blessing of the angel world crown your lives with peace and happiness, and, in the light of truth, may you know the laws of Love and Wisdom, now and through the countless eternities of the future. EONA.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

OSWEGO, June 9, 1887.

Transition of Milton C. Harper.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

It is with deep regret that I am called upon to chronicle the very sudden transition of my noble brother, Milton C. Harper, after enduring agonizing pain for seventeen hours, from the effect of a board violently thrust against his body by the vicious kick of a horse. His last visible manifestation through the physical system, was a calm, peaceful smile. Then he calmly and silently bid a last farewell to the earthly tabernacle, and ascended to a higher and happier region of thought and action to enjoy the pleasant companionship of loved ones gone before. He ascended on the 22d, a beautiful morning in May, 1887, being nearly fifty-two years of age. He leaves a dutiful and estimable wife, five small children, an aged father, four sisters and two brothers to lament his material absence. But thanks to the kind angels we have the blessed assurance of his kind reception among loved ones gone before, and bright anticipation of yet receiving loving messages from him through the blessed knowledge of spiritual philosophy and laws.

May he prove to be an active, honorable, energetic laborer in the higher realms of life, as he was whilst visible with us, is the sincere desire and belief of his affectionate brother. J. M. HARPER.

COLFAX, W. T., June 15, 1887.

What He Left Behind.

[A Congregationalist clergyman in San Diego, a few Sundays ago, uttered a bitter tirade against Spiritualism, to which Mr. Ravlin replied, on the Sunday following, from which reply we copy the following:]

What did I leave behind me, do you ask? I left the domain of dogmatic theology; the false and irrational standards of Biblical interpretation; the contradictory creeds of men; the dry and lifeless forms of eternal worship; the communion of the so-called Church of Christ for the communion and ministration of angels. I left the dead for the living; the husk for the kernel; the chaff for the wheat; the broken cistern for the living fountain; a desert for the beautiful field; a howling wilderness for the garden of God; and vague uncertainties for certified realities. I left clouds for sunshine; night for morning; fog for clearness of vision; and quicksands for the solid rock. I left the old for the new; the false for the true; the shadow for the substance; the unreal for the real; theory for practice; imputed for personal righteousness; and a historic Christ for the divinely anointed Savior enshrined within. I left hatred for love; the cumbersome rules of the church for the "golden rule" of the Christ; doubts and tormenting fears for the blessed assurance of knowledge and filial confidence; despair, superinduced by the horrible doctrine of an eternal burning hell of conscious torment, as the fixed doom of a majority of mankind, for the good cheer of hope for all the race at last; a God of wrath for a God of love; intolerance and persecution for toleration and catholicity of spirit; harsh judgment for charity; sectarian divisions for the unity of the family of God; I left poverty for riches; spiritual disease for health; the silence of the tomb for the rejoicing sonnets of loving kindred whom I had mourned as dead; the bitterness of church feuds for the harmonious influence of angel visitants; I left fraud, and sham, and pious buffoonry, and shameless pretense, and gilded hypocrisy, and clerical flummery behind me as I ascended the golden stairway of spiritual unfoldment. I left the lowlands of ignorance and superstition where the miasmatic elements of spiritual disease settle, and where the shadows of the grave fall, and the damps of death permeate the soul, for the sun-kissed heights of knowledge and spiritual enlightenment.

I became in every sense more truly a man when I became a Spiritualist, and the hidden wonders of the *esoteric arcana* were opened to my view. So, in the philosophy of Spiritualism there is hope, even for the tabernacle preacher, that he will become a better, broader, truer man, as he outgrows his creed, and comes to a knowledge of the truth revealed in living freshness from the spirit world. The bitterness of his uncharitable spirit will pass away. Before the Appellate Court of Conscience he will reverse the judgment of prejudice rendered in the lower court of bigotry, and humbly ask to be forgiven by every true medium and Spiritualist whom he so wickedly slandered in his pulpit utterances. It is true many Spiritualists are coming to San Diego, and there are many more to follow. This city is to be a great spiritual center, for the radiation of spiritual forces, and the kingdom of the unseen will come with power, and with such convincing demonstration as to sweep away all opposing influences, and the irate pastor of the Tabernacle himself, if he does not look to his moorings, will be among the converts to Spiritualism, and will yet stand in the spiritual temple in this city, and advocate for the very system he denounces in such vehement terms.

The Right Step.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF CALIFORNIA, GREETING:—In consideration of the fact that numerous demands for financial assistance are constantly being made upon different members of our various spiritual organizations, and of the inability, oftentimes, to meet those demands, we humbly submit to the earnest consideration of the State Spiritual Camp-Meeting, assembled at Oakland, Alameda county, Cal., the following resolution:

Resolved, That we do organize a State benevolent society, and that we do hereby agree to pay monthly the sum set opposite our names for the maintenance and support of said society, and that before this State Camp-Meeting do adjourn that we meet in conference to consider the matter of a permanent society which shall be legally organized, so that we may receive donations or endowments, and make disbursements and erect a home suitable for our worthy poor, many of whom are mediums whose lives have been consecrated to the promulgation of our beautiful spiritual philosophy.

Let it be said of us, as Spiritualists, that, although we do not erect magnificent churches, we do build homes for our poor who have devoted their lives to the dissemination of spiritual principles. Let the passport to this home be not money, but true moral worth, backed by those sterling principles that characterize most of our workers for humanity, which form the rank and file of Spiritualists.

Therefore, I beg of you, one and all, to take some measures for the accom-

plishment of such ends as shall tend to and promote greater harmony in the ranks of Spiritualism, thereby placing ourselves *en rapport* with those divine intelligences that are ever seeking to guide us in "ways of pleasantness" and "paths of peace."

Yours for practical work,

H. F. MICHENER.

SAN FRANCISCO, 212 Twelfth street.

Short Essays.

[From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

Each man or woman must depend upon themselves to a great extent in making or marring their life. Their time and attention must needs be concentrated on their work, whatever it may be. And as one's back is fitted to the burden it must bear, they will find that what seemed too heavy for their strength when they were first obliged to take it up, will, if carried with a determination to make the best of it and be strong within, prove not as heavy as they thought. The story of "Pilgrim's Progress," although not written in as interesting a way as it could be now, still contains, in its quaint phraseology, some wholesome lessons that mankind *now* might read with profit and carry into their daily life. The "Slough of Despond" and "Hell of Difficulty" still exist, and are daily encountered by all who journey on toward the "Celestial City," and those who, struggling through the one and up the other with their own burdens, lend all the help they can to those who seem unable to keep their feet under the load they carry, find that both are lightened and the way made easier to travel.

* *

"What profit it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Herein lies a condensed sermon that in these times of anxiety to accumulate wealth may well be pondered over. Wealth indeed! What is the possession of a few more of the dollars that are gained only to be hoarded as so many are. They must be left behind when the spirit leaves its earthly tenement, to be perhaps wrangled over and dissipated in riotous living by those who have been waiting for the time to come when they could scatter this hoarded wealth in what they consider pleasure. Poor indeed such a spirit finds itself when stripped of all that it devoted its mortal life to accumulating, unheeding the poverty it daily came in contact with, in alleviating which it would have gained a store of the wealth that "moth and rust can not corrupt, and thieves can not break through and steal." What avails the bitter regret it feels as it endeavors to make restitution here for sins of omission to relieve its fellow men that should have been performed while it had the power, which burden of remorse is far harder to bear than any parting with its cherished wealth would have been, and its torment of self-accusation can not be gotten rid of until it has purified its spirit by working out its expiration here.

* *

"Take no heed for the morrow." My acceptance of these words used to be very different from what comes to me *now* as the *real* meaning contained therein. Not in a literal sense can they be taken, for all *must* take heed, or at least sufficient to enable them to live. But take not unduly heed for the things that pertain only to temporal welfare. Do not waste your strength of mind and body by borrowing trouble, but devote your energies, at the same time you are looking ahead and "laying up for a rainy day," to storing up knowledge that will fit your spirit for taking a higher place at the school of progression when this, its primary stage, has been left behind.

* *

Sow the seed if in ever so limited extent. Do not hide your talent in a napkin lest when the master cometh he chide you for your lost opportunities.

* *

"The morning cometh" wherein all shall be revealed, when all the petty subtleties, by which poor mortality has been enabled to impose upon its fellow beings, are unable to stand the searching gaze of spiritual sight and reality must stand uncovered before the eyes of all. Gather together what you can of good deeds and kindly offices performed by one another that you may not be ashamed to see yourself as others see you.

W. G. CLAYTON.

JUNE, 1887.

A CANARY'S FOUR NOTES.—In the song of a canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a very few minutes whether the bird is German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, gurgling, attractive bit of warbling like the murmur of a rill; the flute note, clear and ringing; the whistling note, of the same class, but very much finer, and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling only to rise again. It is in the last named note that American birds fail. They can not hold it. Another difference between the two is that the German canaries are night singers—they will sing until the light is extinguished. But American birds put their heads under their wings with darkness.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dr. Buchanan's College of Therapeutics.

The summer class of 1887 in the College of Therapeutics, feeling it their duty to add their testimony to that of many others in reference to the grand scientific discoveries which they have seen thoroughly demonstrated by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, would say to the public "that no one can attend such a course of instruction as we have recently been engaged in, without realizing that Therapeutic Sarcognomy greatly enlarges the practical resources of the healing art for the medical practitioner, magnetizer and electro-therapist, while Psychometry, whose positive truths we have tested and proven, like the sun's rays, illumines all the dark problems of medical practice and of psycho-physiological science."

Therapeutic Sarcognomy explains the very intricate and mysterious relations of the soul, the brain and the body, which prior to Prof. Buchanan's discoveries were unknown to all scientific teachers and are even now only known to his students and the readers of his works.

We feel that we have been very fortunate in finding so valuable a source of knowledge, whose future benefits to the human race, in many ways can not be briefly expressed, and we would assure all who may attend this college, or read the published works of Prof. Buchanan and his monthly, the *Journal of Man*, that they will, when acquainted with its subject, unite with us in appreciating and honoring the greatest addition ever made to biological and psychological sciences. Hoping that the time is not far distant when all students in medical colleges may obtain access to this most important knowledge we give our testimony to the public.

H. C. ALDRICH, M. D. DD. S.,

Chairman.

DR. JNO. C. SCHLAUBAUM, Secretary.

Spiritualism in Denver.

In proportion to the number of its inhabitants, this city is undoubtedly blessed with a greater number of independent thinkers on religious matters than any other in the Union, including admirers of, and believers in, the Spiritual Philosophy; in fact many, very many of the members of the so-called Christian churches, as well as "their ministers," are secret investigators, searching for that truth and consolation, which all honest, independent and intelligent men and women have failed, and ever will fail, to find, while bound by, or in any way countenancing the creeds and dogmas of old, tottering, crippled and decaying theology. Yet only recently has there been formed a society or association of Spiritualists in this city. We now have an organization styled, "The First Spiritual Society of Denver," and for the past three months have been entertained, enlightened and feasted every Sunday evening by a lecture, given through Mr. G. H. Brooks, under control; the subjects of the lectures being from topics supplied by the audience, were invariably most intelligently, scientifically and satisfactorily handled, plainly elucidating the grandeur, simplicity and truth of the Spiritual philosophy. After each lecture, three or four psychometric readings of the general character, past experience and influences surrounding the individual were given by Mr. Brooks, either from the writing, the touch of the hand or sometimes from simply approaching the party and coming in contact with his or her aura. An answer in the affirmative always being made to the query, "Is the reading correct?"

In fact Mr. Brooks is in the care of a band of spirits of high order and is consequently both entertaining, instructive and reliable, either on the rostrum, in giving private sittings at his rooms, or at social gatherings. The following resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the society at the close of his last lecture, show that Mr. Brooks was held in high esteem here, and that though a severance from his noble band of controls and their medium has to be endured by the society and many loving friends here, one and all join in wishing him a happy reunion with his friends in the East, but earnestly hope he may be called soon again to take up his work in this field, accompanied by his worthy and devoted wife and helpmate. Copy of resolutions unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That this association appreciates the independent, outspoken course of Mr. Brooks at all times and places, stamping him as a man who does not cringe or deviate from his conceptions of right and truth.

That we appreciate him as a gentleman and an ardent worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

That during his short stay amongst us he has given us much food for future thought, and secured in our memories abiding feelings of gratitude and love.

That our best wishes go with him to his home and family, hoping that his inclinations and interest may call him back to us in the near future. Yours etc., J. B.

THE hope of labor in the future and the prospect for its elevation and success, lie more directly in sobriety, economy and personal interest in property than in any other measures, and the less money is expended on liquor, the sooner these conditions will be brought about. The less intemperance there is the less poverty and discontent there will be.

(Continued from First Page.)

find as the basis of life you possess the very qualities of God your father.

But is God conscious? Is God intelligent? Is God active? How can we answer these questions? We confess, friends, we can only answer them inferentially, and deduce conclusions from the premises we have already assumed. We think you will agree with this; that God must be all that we have claimed for man in his highest character, and a great deal more beside. Therefore, if we claim that man is conscious to the extent of his personal character, capacity and environments, then we must claim that God is conscious also to the extent of his capacity, nature and environment. If we claim that man is as active as the sphere of his own limitations will allow, then God must be active in the sphere of his—limitations, shall we call it? And if man is intelligent and cognizant of order, truth and knowledge, then we must concede that God is the same. And if the past is present to you and the future is a possibility to you, if you stand as it were midway between that which was and that which is to be, and can almost hold them both within your grasp, you must go one step further still, and say that the illimitable and the everlasting consciousness of God contains all that was, all that is, and all that will be in the everlasting evolution of his own divine possibilities.

How can we assume that God is conscious? Are you not conscious from the remotest tips of your antipodal toes to the covering of your brain? Is not your thought, your mind, your consciousness an active agency, permeating every department of the physical organism you possess? Why of course, it is; you are present in every department of your body, and if you are present in this miniature universe, then nature being the body of God, God must also be present in every department of his body. And as in your body there is the external and visible manifestation of an interior presence, so the fact that there is action in every department of the universe is proof that not only is God present in every department of the universe but continuously active and that he is intelligently working in every department also.

During our course of lectures we shall speak upon the subject, "A Search After God," and after this brief consideration must now leave this branch of our topic. As we have shown you that God is consciously present and active in every department of being, we trust we shall be able in future to demonstrate clearly that He is also intelligently present in every department of being.

Having clearly before us the consciousness, the intelligence and activity of God manifested in the constitution of nature, we here rest the corner stone of man's nature. You are conscious, intelligent and active, and in that sense the infinite character of Deity is duplicated in the finite presentations of human character; then you and your father are one; you inherit the divine character in your inmost natures just the same as you have inherited the outward character in your material nature. Nature is your mother, and God is your father in the highest, truest and most philosophical sense, and such interpretations can be applied to the constitution of nature and God from the character of man.

We take another step in a different direction. Having seen what a divine parentage you have, having placed before you the divine motherhood of being, thereby removing from our philosophy any charge of masculinity and brought it under the influence of motherhood and fatherhood combined, let us inquire now what is involved in all this. It is all very nice to say that the divine God of all being is your father, and that beautiful and bounteous nature is the parent upon the mother side, but is that enough to know? It means something, and that meaning must be sought out, and applied to the condition of man's development.

It means that if you obey the laws of Mother Nature you will be assured of all the happiness that nature is capable of bestowing upon you. "Well, that does not mean very much," you will say. Oh, yes it does; it means that you will not go round with weak and limping limbs, with wheezing lungs and locked up livers, with paralysis and rheumatism, and all the ills that flesh is heir to; and it means that if you obey the laws of nature you will assure for future generations perfect physical healthfulness.

Now some people tell us when we argue on this question that we are going outside of the bounds of legitimate Spiritualism, and that the object of Spiritualism is to lift up the spiritual nature of mankind. We have no objection to that process, but desire to see it accomplished, but instead of having glorious souls in rickety and ill constructed bodies, we think you had better turn your attention to developing a suitable body through which these glorious souls can act, rather than neglect your bodies with the idea that it benefits your souls.

A perfect state of physical healthfulness is the foundation of all human joys and the basis of all human labor. If we were to use a trite aphorism, we would say you are as much responsible for the health of your bodies as for the salvation of your souls; and of the two we should be rather inclined to say, "more so." Now bearing in mind that obedience to nature's laws will assure you ultimately the position of perfect physical healthfulness, let us go one step further into that argumen-

and show you clearly what our proposition is.

The children of to-day are to become the parents of to-morrow. If the physical evils of the parents of to-day are impressed upon the children of this generation; they will be reproduced in the generation that those children will bring into the world when they attain to maturity, and how is the world going to progress, think you, when you are heaping up the evils of to-day and handing them forward to all future generations? Therefore you want in this regard to bear in mind that the healthfulness of the world must and can be only expressed in the healthfulness of the children of the world, for those children are the flowers blooming upon the tree of social life, and if that tree of social life be worm-eaten and cankered at its root, you will have to wait a great deal longer for the physical happiness we have been referring to.

These are practical questions, and certainly we are very much inclined to argue that if children could be bought and sold like beef and mutton far more attention would be given in regard to how they come into the world and how they are taken care of when they are here.

A sound nervous condition, a fine cerebral formation resting upon a basis of physical healthfulness, clear mental vigor and perception would naturally be the crowning result of this physical perfection.

Good bodily vigor and a clear mental condition are essential to accurate understanding of the life you are living and your relationships to each other. And if the mind is clear and vigorous there arises from that mind a more powerful and brighter spiritual thought; and that spiritual thought, having a clear mind and healthy body to express itself through, will permeate every department of your being and spiritualize it. It will vivify and quicken all the departments of your life, and with this purifying influence there will come forth and be manifest that noble humanity that you are striving to establish among yourselves. But it must rest upon a sound foundation; it must have a proper tool to work with, and this can only be accomplished when the conditions are all in order, and those conditions are physical health, mental soundness, and personal well-being.

Now this law of physical health leads forward to another consideration: The universal laws of nature prove to you beyond all question that cause and effect operate in succession from each other always and everywhere; that there is an unvarying and invariable succession in the domain of law in every department of the universe. Therefore God is not only sufficient for the creation of man, but nature is sufficient for the punishment of man also. You have no need to go outside of nature to find a God to punish you for your sins; your mother nature will give you a thrashing every time you offend her, and she never withdraws her hand until her remedial process has been accomplished. Therefore nature in the material part of life is looking after you all the time for your own good and preservation, and only punishes when you are worthy of condemnation.

Then we go one stage further in this physical consideration; when the universal life of man is healthy, bodily, mentally and spiritually, then the federation of the world will become a possibility. While statesmen are suffering from indigestion, warriors with bad livers, and the rulers are fighting, and the poor people bled by taxation to pay for the glory of their rulers, discord and inharmonious will surely prevail, and the brotherhood of mankind will be a long way off, and you will have to wait until kings are healed of their physical maladies, your statesmen endowed with perfect health before the divine fraternity of man becomes a reality.

It implies then that you are the heritors of all the infinite possibilities of the natural world; that nature's law of life is open to you; that there is nothing veiled from your judgment; that you have a right of way over the loftiest peaks of aspiration, through the darkest valleys of doubt, over the fair plains of wisdom and over the great seas of secularism, and down the beautiful rivers of reflection.

You are the sons of God consciously, rationally and spiritually. God is a spirit; you are an element of God divinely incarnated in the human form. The absolute essence of Deity is duplicated in yourselves, so to speak. All that you claim for God—his grandeur, his omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence, his everlasting love, his eternal justice, his all-embracing wisdom—is a part of your inheritance. Does it not then devolve upon you to be more and more true to the character of the divine parentage—that you should always be willing to grow God-like; grow like unto the Father whom you acknowledge to be your sire; willing to let all the noble elements in you come out in thought and speech and action, and to throw aside all the petty meannesses that so disfigure human society? Live in a serene day; live up where the thoughts of God throb and burn within the conscious nature of you; live up where those glowing thoughts can come out in glorious deeds and noble impulses. Live so honestly that peace and prosperity shall come to you, and reproduce the divine justice of God your Father, and fraternal love for all people; and let the everlasting wisdom continually flow out through your life as something you have reduced to practice at last; then the love and wisdom and justice of God, the divine elements of that great parentage, will become expressed in your own lives.

The more you practice and cultivate them, the more will you grow in the likeness and image of God, and the more closely will your sonship with Deity become demonstrated and unfolded.

Now some amiable friend may ask, "What has this to do with Spiritualism?" We have had a philosophical treatise presented to us in regard to the character of man in relationship with nature and God. A few evenings ago as some persons were leaving these grounds, one said, "These people talk a great deal about the laws of nature; why don't they say something about the laws of God?" Well, if the laws of nature are not the expression of the principles of God, we have to retire in dismay. Our own opinion is that nature is the expression of God to humanity, and that he works through that sphere of being which the world calls natural. Therefore we would say to all such critics that we do not ignore the existence of God; we take the whole being, not the half. We do not pretend to dilate upon the character of God, to analyze it and hold it up before you as though we had a button-hole acquaintance with Deity; there may be others who have, but we have not yet encountered them. We do know something of the laws of being; we believe that nature is the expression of God, and the manifestation of divine existence. Therefore, we may let it rest there.

Bringing it down now to the relationship of Modern Spiritualism, we may say that so far as we are able to comprehend the gospel of Spiritualism in its philosophical aspect, all that we have stated is in exact harmony with the highest phase of Spiritualism. That Spiritualism which confines itself solely to the observance and presentation of phenomena, which is concerned only with the communion between you and your beloved in the spiritual world, may not seem to have any relationship with the theme we have been discussing; but let us remember there are other things in existence, other things besides the gratifying of your desire for knowing whether your friends live or not, other things to be done besides the production of marvels for the confusion of the questioning skeptic. Let us remember there are better views of life to be given, deeper knowledge of nature to be obtained, higher planes of thoughts to be reached. Remember that the spiritual world in its manifestation to-day has behind it great purposes; that it comes to remove the crudities of religion, the errors of science and philosophy, and by inspiration, reform, revolution, and the upheaval of the old lands, allow new seeds of life to be fructified and to burst forth into beauty and activity. When you take all these into consideration we think you must admit that we have been working in harmony with the highest purposes and the purest philosophy of Modern Spiritualism.

In conclusion, we have to say that the time is surely coming when ecclesiasticism, a limited scientific interpretation, sophistry and speculation will be purged from the philosophies of human life; when men will not be afraid to pass from the domain of ponderable material to that which lies beyond, and journey into the realm of the unseen and find the potencies of being, the divine power behind all forces, God himself manifest in nature.

O, wonderful Nature, mother of mankind! thou art robed in the glory of the dawning day; thy brow encircled with stars that gleam upon us from the awful depths; thy garments embroidered with countless gems and flowers, holding ever in thy loving and fostering arms thy children, and nourishing them from thy broad bosom of life. O, Mother Nature, divinely beautiful! with deep and abiding humility we bow at thy feet to-day and confess thee our mother whom we love.

And Thou, everlasting God, brighter and grander than the greatest soul is capable of comprehending, whose life-giving forces flow forth in unceasing harmony through every order of being, from the remotest past down to the present hour, and upwards to the infinite possibilities of the future; O, Thou, who art the master architect, the divine ruler of the awful realities of life, we humbly confess thy power, seek to realize thy beneficence, try to comprehend thy laws, and in thy greatness and splendor, in thy majesty and beauty, in thy might and glory, in thy wisdom and love, in thy justice and power, we find the embodiment of that great principle of fatherhood which makes all the offspring of men truly the children of God.

And O humanity, thou child of nature and thou son of God, needing no immaculate conception to usher thee upon the stage of life, needing no crucifixion to prove the immortality of the sons of the everlasting God; O thou humanity that hast plowed through the barren fields of the past and planted the bare hills of ancient times, sowing the seeds of righteousness that are bearing their glad fruits in this hour; O humanity, that hast within thee the elements of nature and the wondrous qualities of God, go forward in harmony with thy divine parenthood; while still the day is young, and while thy strength is with thee work onward and forward, marching up from the realms of mortality to the domain of the spiritual life beyond you. And when you enter into that spiritual world, and the angels gather around you, and their loving voices fall in welcome greeting upon your ear, you will hear them say, "O thou divine humanity that hast lived in harmony with the commands of Mother Nature and the commands of Father God, come up higher; draw closer to the great heart of the Infinite; and, clasping hands with the pro-

gressive, the noble and the true, go forward with them forever and forever, realizing that as you go, on every side you are guarded and cared for by him whom we call our Father God, and she whom we designate as Mother Nature."

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Re-Incarnation.

(Given by the spirit of Dr. C. H. Chapin, through the mediumship of Mrs. M. K. Booser, Grand Rapids, Mich.)

Earth-lives of misdirection furnish the only instances of this singular fact in the realm of spirit. Were Napoleon to again be incarnated, having learned the great law of happiness, that all depends on our work in lifting up our fellows and in advancing their joy and well being, his earthly career having been a terrible violation of this law in the interests of an inordinate ambition, destructively resulting in misery and suffering to others, the great incentive to his action would be the making amends for the past in a practically righteous and well ordered life through exactly opposite methods.

Let us look at the case of a murderer. Spirit-life furnishes no mask for the criminal, as does earth-life; and the one who may through his secretiveness here escape legal penalties and hide his crime from the light of day, is there known as shown to a penetration that reaches depth and causes. The sensitive being writhes in the suffering which his guilt has entailed on him, while the desire is ever present to live over anew a life that was misspent and misdirected, and by being observant of those laws which ensure lasting and growing happiness, to build up again through knowledge gained by suffering, a purified individuality which can unobstructedly work out its aspirations and desires; and thus solve in a constant joy and happiness the problem of his own destiny. Otherwise, the same causes that annul happiness, also act as a destructive and disintegrating force; and, as the man through great losses and afflictions loses his reason so the spirit through these annihilating agencies is unable to preserve his individuality; like your suicide, he has no desire for its preservation when accompanied by this continuous and intense suffering and remorse. With the knowledge of this dark and horrible beyond staring him in the face, deformed by the scars of his earth-life, and knowing that much of the past and its present effects can be obliterated through the process of a new though complex life, he naturally seeks his opportunity, which we now will describe.

I here introduce a theme, in regard to which, as a physician, I ask your indulgence for my plainness of speech. I wish you to consider the condition of woman in pregnancy. Prematurely sensitive in every direction, she lives a new and greatly intensified life in many ways; but most so in respect to those invisible forces that are indispensable to the production of the new being, and especially in regard to its spiritual nature.

This is a condition requiring constant and new magnetic supplies; and she draws these invisible forces not only from the human, but from the animal creation around her. Of course those nearest in her immediate surroundings, supposing all things equal, are likely to be the most perceptibly affected, which accounts for the very common incident of the husband's sickness at such times. This absorption does not stop with mortal surroundings; but, as the two worlds are so interlaced and fringed together that it is well nigh impossible to draw the line of demarcation between them, her support comes from spirit sources as well. This condition is one very similar to that of the mediumistic sensitives, who require constant sustenance to repair the waste inseparably connected with the exercise of their powers. This force which we call magnetism is constantly eliminated; and those with whom mediums more intimately associate or mingle in ordinary business relations, either absorb it or in turn supply it to them. A degree of sensitiveness is thus cultivated, which is universally illustrated in the complaint of draught and exhaustion from the elimination of this vital force. A mutual exchange is nature's beautiful law; but, in the inharmonious and disease-infected conditions of earthly undevelopment and imperfection such is rather the exception than the rule. When it does occur, as it will in the presence of certain persons, there comes a quick recognition of the life inspiration in a returning glowing of vigor, exaltation and strength. So much is one a process of death and the other one of life, that, unless the medium understands this unailing law and adapts himself or herself to it, the blind exercise of mediumship with its possessor driven listlessly by the wave of circumstance, will, through accumulated pain and suffering, most assuredly shorten life.

Now, at this time, when desire for magnetic support makes her in a preternaturally receptive condition, comes the soul who seeks a new life by re-incarnation. Assuming the utmost negative and passive state, thus sinking the positiveness of his ordinary individuality into this extreme passivity, he allows himself to be drawn under the influence of the strong power and absorbed with the new being, giving an entire surrender of his past and present selfhood to nature's wonderful processes of the evolving of a new life.

Here again is illustrated the similarity of the two conditions of mediumship and pregnancy, in the action of an invariable

law affecting the returning spirit. As all who have investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism know, the moment the controlling intelligence takes upon itself or becomes *en rapport* with the medium's fleshly personality, it suffers anew that particular phase of pain and distress that preceded its exit from life, and feels the strong impulses which were then distinctively and peculiarly its own. At the time this re-incarnation occurs, the element, characteristic, or peculiarity which is the distinguishing quality of his individuality, as well as the predominating impulse of the returning spirit, is sensed with unusual vividness by the mother. These maternal experiences are characterized as "longings." I remember a case mentioned in an old medical work, where the prospective mother, being seized with an uncontrollable desire to eat human flesh, actually killed her husband and ate a piece of his arm. The case came into the courts, and through medical testimony the woman was acquitted on the ground of temporary insanity, induced by her peculiar condition.

The law governing re-incarnation seems intense in its action at the moment the re-incarnating spirit allies itself to the mortal; feeling overpoweringly, as we have said, the impulses of the flesh as manifested in its earthly life. Its operation with the mother is, that if she yields to those so-called abnormal impulses, the harmony obtained through their natural temporary gratification preserves the child from mark or deformity. On the other hand, if she restrains the impulse, such mark or deformity is almost sure to be stamped on the child. Thus through the law of compensation, Nature, in her most delicate processes, seeks to ultimate perfection, as in all her works.

The foetal growth, then, from this time on, presents to the eye of the spirit two individualities connected with the one physical body,—the natural offspring of the parents and the re-incarnated spirit. As the child grows and takes its place among its fellows, it is very seldom that it ever has recollection of the previous existence, so completely has this been submerged in the new combination. This twin spirit incorporated in the one physical, accounts for all the phenomena known as "the double." We also see the same principle exemplified in all the departments of nature below man, as in double fruits and flowers.

But while this double life thus goes on unobstructedly in the mortal, a great change occurs through the phenomenon of death. Then the two spirits take up their places in spirit life distinctly individualized—the one, as formed from its natural earthly conditions, and the other, the second time ushered into that life—now purified and cleansed of that which hindered its effort for happiness when on its first trial, prepared to evolve the happy destiny which awaits those only who are righteously obedient to natural law.

The Great Wall of China.

(Mining World.)

Of course we had to go to the great wall of China. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in the solid rock cut out by ages of rolling wheels and tramping feet, we reach the great, frowning, double bastioned gate of stone and hard-burned brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission, the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era; built of great slabs of well-hewn stone, laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large, hard-burned bricks, filled in with earth and closely paved on the top with more dark, tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick and castellated for the use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprang far up the mountain side—now straight, now curved, to meet the mountain ridge, turreted each 300 feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the books will tell you how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—twenty-five feet high by forty thick, 1,200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be driven abreast. Nor need I tell you that for 1,400 years it kept those hordes at bay, nor that, in the main, the material used upon it is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wide streams, netting the river archways with huge hard bars of copper, with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now save the Great Pyramid, were toys. The Great Pyramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Steward's party, here some years ago, gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known.

HONOR to the true man ever, who takes his life in his hands, and at all hazards speaks the word which is given him to utter whether men will hear or forbear, whether the end thereof is to be praise or censure, gratitude or hatred.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1887.

SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM.

No fact of nature once demonstrated to the world can remain long unrecognized by the masses. Ignorance and prejudice may put away for a time the acceptance of the truth, but all must soon come to see and adopt it.

Science consists of the arrangement and classification of facts relating to any given subject. Thus, in the science of geology, astronomy, natural history, botany, etc., we have a vast array of classified facts which are familiar to every student in those sciences.

The facts of Spiritualism may not at present be subject to such critical analysis as other and more stubborn facts in nature, for the reason that they depend upon conditions that are yet but comparatively little understood; but quite enough is known to establish a basis for a scientific structure. There are masses of facts that need arranging and classifying.

While there have been many works written upon the subject of Spiritualism, and various phases of the phenomena have been successfully and satisfactorily demonstrated, the writers have occupied the position rather of explorers than of scientists. What we need now is a standard text-book of psychical or spiritual phenomena. Our facts should be classified and condensed in a manner to commend the subject to all thoughtful minds. The investigator should not be required to wade through a mass of undemonstrated statements to reach a conclusion of evidence.

And just here it occurs to us that Prof. Alfred R. Wallace might make this the crowning work of his life. His habits of thought and method of manner, coupled with rare opportunities for the investigation of psychical phenomena, especially fit him for this task. And then his high standing as a writer and thinker would give to his statements a weight and influence that would attach to but few other writers.

We are inclined to think that if the spiritual press of the world should urge the matter, Prof. Wallace could be induced to undertake the preparation and publication of a work entitled, say, "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," that would command the attention of thinkers of all lands. In the present eager desire of intelligent man for knowledge, and of a vast and rapidly increasing number to know the truth concerning the facts upon which Spiritualists base their claims to a future life, such a work could not fail to command an immense sale. It should be amply illustrated, and made exhaustive of the subject in all phases of psychical phenomena; hence, it might be necessary to extend it to two or more volumes.

We can conceive of no grander finish to a noble and busy life than the one we here suggest. Prof. Wallace is just the man for this task. Let the world but once know that he has consented to undertake it, and it would receive an amount of free advertising at the hands of the secular, as well as the spiritual press, that would place it at once prominently before the world; while Spiritualism would receive an impulse that would give it a stronger hold than ever upon the consideration of all thoughtful minds.

ALCOHOL AND BEER.—The miserable wrecks that alcohol makes of its subjects should be enough to banish it from all lands; but that is little less deplorable than the drain its manufacture makes upon our staple products. It is not enough that our grains and fruits be converted to the poisonous fluid, but the French are perfecting a process for making alcohol from that most delicious tuber, the sweet potato. Only one gallon of alcohol can be made from fifty-eight pounds of the vegetable, so it will be seen that the demand for that purpose would be large if the potato should be found superior in the desired properties. It is stated as an encouraging sign of the times that "the per capita consumption of spirits in this country has fallen off one-half since 1840, while that of beer has increased from less than two gallons to eleven gallons per individual." This last statement is a shocking one, and robs the first of all its good. We are told, by the best authority, that the use of beer blunts, and even deadens, the susceptibilities, rendering the person beastly and vicious. This is fully verified by the increasing crime of our country that is being filled up with beer-drinking foreigners. Nine crimes out of every ten, that happen daily, are committed by this class.

—The editor of the GOLDEN GATE will occupy the rostrum at the Camp Sunday morning, June 26th. Mrs. Mattie P. Owen will read a poem.

A NEW FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

That grand old spiritual scientist, Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan, in an article in the last *Journal of Man*, shows most conclusively that the plastic brain and nature of a child may be remoulded, as it were—the baser qualities suppressed and scattered, and the better qualities stimulated and developed, by the magnetic hand of the parent or teacher, skillfully applied.

A method so strange and radical as this, coming as it does from a prominent Spiritualist, will find but little favor among the school men, who are generally thoroughly encrusted with the scales of conservatism; but to the progressive mind—the one at all familiar with the wonderful psychological power of one strong, magnetic mind over another—it will present the possibility of a grand truth.

Who that has witnessed the marvelous experiments of Prof. Carpenter and others who have attained proficiency in his line of mental manipulation, can doubt for a moment the efficiency of psychology as a powerful factor in the training of the young. If by a touch of the hand the imagination can be so stimulated as to make the unreal, for the time being, seem a reality, in any direction the operator may choose—if the love of the good in one prone to idleness or evil can be made the controlling motive and impulse of the mind, temporarily, at the will of the operator—why may not that impulse be perpetuated until the nature of the subject is completely transformed?

It is found in experimental psychology that the mind of the psychic may be stimulated to utter thoughts far beyond his or her normal intellectual capacity. In one of Prof. Carpenter's entertainments we heard a young man, impressed with the idea that he was Senator Blaine, deliver a speech that would have been a credit to Mr. Blaine himself, and which he was certainly incapable of doing in his normal condition. Now, why may not the mind be permanently educated by these methods, and the old slow coach, text book routine be dispensed with entirely? It is known that Andrew Jackson Davis was educated from the interior—educated in all the deeper learning of the schools, and that, too, without the slightest knowledge of books. Emma Hardinge-Britten was also, we believe, educated in the same way.

If a psychologist, like Prof. Carpenter, in a brief pass of the hand over the brain of an unlettered and unsophisticated youth can turn him temporarily into an accomplished scholar or statesman, what might he not accomplish with that mind in a few weeks or months time? Why may not that impression be permanently fixed? We believe it can.

Suppose the principals of our seminaries, and in fact of all our public schools as well, understood the application of this psychological power, what a power might they not become in moulding the characters of those placed under their charge. Here is a youth given to idleness, another to truancy, another to lying, another to appropriating the property of his schoolmates.—He is at once brought under psychic control and the opposites of those propensities stimulated into action—not for a short time, for an evening's entertainment, but for weeks. Who can measure the benefits that would naturally result from such a course?

Surely the world moves. We are entering into realms of thought and practice that our fathers little dreamed of.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

That grand philanthropist, Leland Stanford, who has consecrated his vast fortune to educational purposes, is well known to be untrammelled of all narrow and intolerant creeds. He seeks the highest good of his race, and aims to be guided by the light of Truth that illumines his way. He is nobly supported in his work by his talented wife, who is in full sympathy with him in all good works.

Standing, as they do, outside of what is known as the evangelical church, of course they are not subject to the prejudice or ignorance that rejects all new truth that does not conform to certain established confessions of faith; hence it would seem, that in the great university they are founding, they may be induced to undertake, what no college on the globe has yet had the courage to do, and that is, establish a Chair of Psychical Culture and Research.

Perhaps they have already thought of this and have concluded the time has come for action in the matter. Surely, the marvelous influence of mind over mind, embodied and disembodied, as well as the varied and well-established manifestations of intelligent occult forces operating at times upon inert matter,—these are subjects of such vast importance as to warrant the establishment of professorships in every college in the land. But as most of these institutions are dominated by the Church, nothing can be expected of them but a strict adherence to the conservatism of opinion in which they are founded. We are glad to know that the "Leland Stan-

ford, Jr., University," will not be so encased and walled in with crystallized opinions as to be impregnable to the demands of modern thought, and whether a Chair of Psychical Research is established or not, we do know that the university will embrace many innovations looking to the unfoldment of the higher nature of those who will be brought within its advanced teachings. But we believe the time is ripe for the founding of such a branch of study as that herein suggested.

THE SEIBERT COMMISSION.

A few years ago Henry Seibert, a wealthy Spiritualist of Philadelphia, bequeathed \$60,000 for the maintenance of a chair in the University of Pennsylvania, subject to the sole condition that a commission be appointed to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Mr. Seibert passed on to the other life over three years ago, and the regents of the university undertook to carry out his instructions. A commission, consisting mainly of prominent professors of the university, was appointed, and for three years they have had the subject before them. It is claimed that they have secretly tested numerous mediums in all parts of the country. [On this point it is quite certain they have not tested any of the mediums of this Coast, where we have some of the best in the world.]

It is said that the workings of this commission and their verdict have been jealously guarded from the public eye. Notwithstanding all their precaution on this respect, it has long been an open secret to Spiritualists that most of the Commissioners were intensely hostile to Spiritualism; and that their modes of investigation, and their treatment of mediums were of such an unfriendly character as to insure but one result, and that precisely what might have been expected, unfavorable to Spiritualism.

The report of the Commissioners, we are informed, is now in press. In it they declare that "a professional juggler performed before them, 'without detection, much more wonderful feats 'in slate-writing than any of that done by the 'mediums, and he afterward explained the de-'tails of the trick. In conclusion,' they say, 'we beg to express our regret that thus far we 'have not been cheered on in our investigations 'by a single novel fact.'"

Those familiar with the facts, and knowing that a favorable report was anything but probable, may be excused from believing that there is a shadow of sincerity in their alleged "regret."

Had Mr. Seibert, whose good intentions have thus been frustrated, ransacked the universe to discover a better method of "how not to do it," he could not have found one quite equal to the one adopted. Did he not know that whether true or false, no State university in the Union would dare to endorse the truths of Spiritualism? Did he not know that the commissioners the regents would naturally appoint would be hostile to all the evidences of spiritual phenomena?

These professors indicate their unfair methods of investigation when they say that a professional juggler performed before them more wonderful feats than any they witnessed in slate-writing. It shows that they were disposed to attribute to jugglery what they could not understand in genuine mediumship. It also indicates that they must have experimented with some very sharp jugglers, or very poor mediums.

Spiritualists are not at all disappointed in this result. It is just what they have long anticipated. Had he given of his means to found a school of psychical research, Mr. Seibert would have accomplished some good in the world. As it is, it were better had he given his money to the university outright, without conditions, for all the good that will come to Spiritualism therefrom.

THE BODY.—The Cremationists intend to hold an international congress in September of the present year, at Milan. Reports of the progress of cremation in the different countries; exhibition of models of crematories, urns, and other objects relating to the system, and against the prevailing method of post-mortem disposition. The formation of an international league is expected as one of the results of the congress. If cremation were simply to avoid the consequences of slow decay, many would doubtless prefer the method of one Kergovatz, which is neither inhumation, cremation, or embalming, but galvanoplasty, by which process the dead are, or may be, turned to metallic statues, as enduring as the metals themselves. The body is covered with a coating of plumbago, then immersed in either a zinc, copper, silver or gold bath, according to the desire or wealth of the relatives. Those who cling to the body as the real person, will avail themselves of this discovery; but it is happy that the class is not a large one, or a few years might encumber the earth with more statues than the people would appreciate. Departed spirits can not in any way preserve, since their happiness depends in getting away from them.

—Dr. C. C. Peet addressed one of the largest audiences yet held at the Camp on Sunday, the 12th inst. He is a logical and forcible speaker.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.

There is something more than a mere curiosity in things occult made manifest by the vast assemblages which congregate every Sunday evening at Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, to listen to the charmed utterances which fall from the unconscious lips of Mrs. J. J. Whitney; it is a deep and profound interest to learn of the truth of spirit power and return. The element of harmony always predominates at these services, for which we are no doubt largely indebted to Mrs. Whitney's noble guides.

From the moment Mrs. Whitney passes under control there is a hush and silence most profound, as that vast and intelligent audience hang almost breathless to catch every word that she may say. To the student of human nature the scene is a curious study. And as the messages freighted with love and wisdom are borne earthward, through this grand instrument, to their friends present, how changeable the faces grow as the different expressions sweep over their features. Oftentimes the silent tear is seen trickling down some face, and again surprise, wonder and delight are in turn depicted. We have seen those turn pale at the voice of warning spoken to some in the audience, when in pleading tones they strove to save loved ones from impending dangers; facts wholly unknown to any one present, save the person to whom given, and to the ever watchful eyes of the invisible companions.

It was thought by many present that last Sunday evening was one of the most successful public manifestations yet given by this marvelous medium. A large number of tests were given, all of which were of a very interesting nature. There were many beautiful descriptions of spirits present, and many loving and gentle words given, which brought consolation, hope and joy to those to whom they were specially given.

Mrs. Whitney is making for herself a name, which is second to none as a platform test medium. That she will eventually become world-renowned we doubt not, and in all lands and all countries her great gifts shall be made known to bless mankind.

The musical part of these meetings is also an attractive feature; those fine vocalists, Joseph W. Maguire and Miss Carrie Miner, sing regularly and always to the satisfaction of the audiences. No one should lose the opportunity of attending these meetings.

AT THE CAMP.

The general interest taken at the Camp-meeting is steadily increasing. The addresses have generally been of a high order, and the audiences large and attentive. Mr. J. J. Morse, the regular speaker in attendance, is a host. He is one of the most polished and argumentative trance speakers we have ever listened to, and is winning his way straight to the hearts of the people. Following is a synopsis of the proceedings of the past week:

Friday morning, June 17th, fact meeting. Afternoon, J. H. White, of Chicago, lectured on the labor question. The evening was devoted to a musical and literary entertainment, which was well attended and heartily enjoyed.

Saturday, June 18th, fact meeting in the morning, conference meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening Bro. Morse occupied the rostrum.

Sunday morning, June 18th, J. J. Morse delivered the able discourse which appears in this issue of the GATE. In the afternoon Mr. Lidell Baker occupied the platform. His subject, which he handled in a masterly style, was "Things which can not be Shaken." Mr. Morse spoke again in the evening. The audiences throughout the day were very large, and were composed of the best class of people.

Monday is holiday in Camp, when no public meetings are held.

Tuesday, June 21st, fact meeting in the morning. Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, of San Jose, a good writer and clear-headed thinker, occupied the platform in the afternoon, delivering a discourse which all present pronounced of unusual merit. The spiritual gospel has need of such brave and able expounders of its divine truths as Mrs. Schwartz. In the evening Bro. Morse was again at his best, and delighted his hearers as usual.

Wednesday, June 22d, fact meeting in the morning, conference meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening that grand thinker and scholar, Dr. W. W. McKaig, delivered a masterly discourse upon the subject, "Relation Between the Inhabitants of the Seen and Unseen Worlds." It is pronounced by all who heard it as a most brilliant effort.

Thursday, June 23d, the usual fact meeting was held in the morning, followed by a conference meeting in the afternoon, and Bro. Morse in the evening.

The meetings will continue over two more Sundays, and we may reasonably expect "the best of the wine at the last of the feast."

MEDIUMS IN CAMP.

Following are the names and nature of the mediums occupying tents, and practicing their gifts at the Camp:

W. R. Colby, independent slate-writer.
Dr. Schlesinger, of the *Carrier Dove*, test medium.
Mrs. Perkins, trance test medium.
Mrs. L. E. Drake, metaphysician.
Mrs. M. Miller, trance and inspirational medium.
Mrs. L. G. Eggleston, symbol medium.
Mrs. E. Price, trance test medium.
Horace H. Taylor, magnetic healer and clairvoyant.
Mrs. K. Kohn, clairvoyant and business medium.
Mrs. E. R. Herbert, clairvoyant and test medium.
Mrs. Babbitt, trance test medium.
Anna Johnson, diagnoses disease.

THE COMING WEEK.

Following is the programme for the Camp-meeting for the coming week, as far as ascertained.

This (Saturday) afternoon J. H. White, of Chicago, will lecture on the subject of "Labor." In the evening C. C. Peet will lecture on the subject, "What Shall we do to be Saved?" He will be followed by Mrs. Allie S. Livingston, who, while blindfolded, will paint a spirit picture upon the platform.

Sunday morning, lecture by J. J. Owen. Subject: "Teachings of Spiritualism as Compared with the Doctrines of the Church." Mrs. Mattie P. Owen will recite a poem. Mr. J. J. Morse will occupy the platform in the afternoon, also in the evening.

Tuesday afternoon Miss E. J. Bennett will speak on the subject of "Healing," to be followed by Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, of Berkeley, on "The Relation of Mental Healing to Spiritualism." She will be followed by Mrs. Lydia E. Drake and others. In the evening Mr. J. J. Morse will occupy the rostrum.

Wednesday evening Mrs. J. J. Whitney will give another of her grand platform test seances. Thursday will be children's day. All children will be admitted to the grounds free.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Who would be content to rest his hopes of a future life on faith when absolute knowledge was within reach?

—Bro. A. A. Wheelock, a prominent Spiritualist lecturer from New York, arrived in this city on Wednesday last.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rich of the *Banner of Light*, left Boston June 21st for this Coast by the Northern route. They will tarry by the way, reaching San Francisco about July 20th.

—A grand article on "The Abbe Roux," from the gifted pen of Jesse Shepard, will appear in our next issue. This noted musical wonder seems to be quite as well at home in the literary field as in that of his wonderful musical inspiration.

—A beautiful floral design representing the GOLDEN GATE, and a white dove representing the *Carrier Dove*, the work of Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Schlesinger, adorn the speaker's stand at the Camp. The ladies have our thanks for their thoughtful ingenuity.

—The meetings at the Camp are growing in interest daily. Bro. Morse seems to be an inexhaustible fountain of spiritual truth. His discourses are concise, logical and argumentative, and they are full of the broad humanity and charity of a gentle spirit.

—Dr. Robert Brown, one of the original incorporators of our Golden Gate Publishing Company, has been stopping at the Gilroy Hot Springs. He writes us some good words in favor of that popular health resort. It is indeed one of the gem places of the earth.

—Let us not be content with the evidences merely of a future life. Once convinced of the momentous fact that we live again, let us press on to other heights—to conquests of self—to unfoldments of soul—to the attainment of spiritual truth—that shall best fit us for the other life.

—We enjoyed another pleasant call from Prof. Wallace on Monday last. He was to repeat his lecture on Spiritualism in Stockton on Thursday evening. He had just returned from a trip to the Yosemite and the Big Trees, in the latter of which he was more deeply interested than in the great valley.

—It is a generally conceded fact that there are at least ten people investigating Spiritualism in this city to-day where there could be found one a year ago. The interest in this subject extends to all classes of society, not excepting members of the churches by the hundreds. It is a subject fraught with mighty interest to all.

—How dark and cheerless the gloom of the grave whence cometh to the unspiritualized ear no voice from the beyond. And yet for untold ages man has been accustomed to look upon death as the end, with only a barren hope to a few that it might be otherwise. Spiritualism places a light in the window to guide our barks over life's tempestuous sea, safely to the Father's arms.

—We publish, in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE, the masterly discourse given by the guides of Mr. J. J. Morse, at the Spiritualist Camp-meeting on Sunday morning last. It was pronounced by all who heard it as a remarkable discourse. We are sure it will be enjoyed by our thousands of readers who were unable to hear it from the inspired lips of the distinguished speaker.

—We are obliged to announce again that we can not undertake to obtain messages or portraits for correspondents through the mediumship of Fred Evans. In our experimental sittings with this medium, his guides will not consent that we represent others, and we have no other time to devote to it. The results of these experiments are wholly for the public. For all private communications correspondents should write directly to Mr. Evans.

—A new mission for the sick in our great hospitals is opened in the larger cities, and is another of those thoughtful and benevolent things conceived by sympathetic and considerate minds for fellow beings in misfortune. The idea is to bring into the various wards of hospitals the reproductions of Nature's hand, and through the eye relieve the convalescent body from the mind's morbid influences that result from weakness. The pictures are changed from time to time, thus giving the poor invalids a glimpse of the beauties of all the seasons in their turn. This, with the flower mission, should be faithfully sustained, by loans and generous contributions, for all time.

Mrs. Dr. D. W. Green, of Newburyport, Mass., an old Spiritualist, and a most successful medium and doctor for over thirty years, has reached San Francisco to spend her vacation on the Pacific Coast. She expresses herself as delighted with her trip over the mountains and with our city, as we feel assured she will be with California's varied and marvelous scenery, especially when she comes to visit the southern part of the State, the Geysers, Big Trees and Yosemite Valley, all of which are included in her prospective tour of observation. We heartily welcome the old pioneer of Spiritualism, whether for pleasure or settlement, for California has an abundance to study and interest all.

—The GOLDEN GATE of last week contained an appeal for assistance for an old and infirm Spiritualist of this city, who was in a destitute and helpless condition. Brother J. J. Morse, through the prompting of his generous heart, read the article before his Friday evening's audience at the Camp-Meeting and asked for a collection in behalf of the sufferer. A purse of twenty dollars was immediately made up and on the following day placed in our hands. A good brother, who would not allow his name to be mentioned, dropped into our office on Saturday, and added five dollars to the sum. We then sent the amount to the unfortunate old gentleman, and there was one grateful heart in San Francisco on that evening that we are sure of. P. S.—Other kind hearts have since added three dollars to the above sum.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spiritualism and Religion.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

PART I.

My esteemed friend and lecturer, Chas. Dawbarn, says he has full proof of the fact of Spiritualism. He, of course, means sensuous proof, but that now he was more concerned to learn the lesson that the fact teaches. That is, he prefers now the philosophy to the phenomena. My friend, Geo. A. Bacon, a bright lay light of Washington, says about the same thing. Now there has always appeared to me good sense in the scriptural injunction "to seek first the kingdom of heaven and all things shall be added unto you," in home phrase the cook book says the same thing substantially, "first catch the fish," and then the chowder is a matter of course.

I can hardly call to mind a platform speaker who does not either mildly or forcibly give a cold shoulder to phenomenal Spiritualism, as *passé*, and has done its work, and now its lessons or teachings are more in order. This is far more outspoken by the lights of mediocrity than by our stars of magnitude, but even the celebrities seem disposed to relegate the sensuous part of the subject to back seats, as though it attracted attention from them, and that the manifestations were trifles, after being satisfied, and the teachings all important. It looks to me as if the platform lights were jealous of the attention that the signs and wonder workers, as they are sometimes called, get from the inquiring public, and as if to their neglect.

These two wings of Modern Spiritualism can not very well be divided, for they interblend, particularly among the laity. Still the division is marked enough to be distinguished, and this weakness to which I have referred noticed. I think those who are interested more particularly in the higher aspects of Spiritualism, as they term it, lose sight of how much they are dependent on the sensuous phenomena, for what attention the platform does get. I know of very few Spiritualists, if any, that have been made so by argument, or even kept so by the teachings of the lights of the platform, but those who have been converted by sensuous evidence are numbered by millions, and the attention that the speakers do get for the sake of their teachings and oratory is due to the association of the phenomena with the philosophical part of the subject, and but for the sensuous evidence that has converted them, they would not have been attracted, for they would find equally good, often better, because more scholarly, in the teachings of the liberal churches. You meet in the gatherings of the various societies continually new faces, every one of them dates his or her interest in the subject to some experience, or some testimony of experience, in the sensuous manifestations, and not one of them from the intellectual. I question if the argument ever made a Spiritualist, for the argument has been perfect from the beginning, that creation, as far as man is concerned, is a failure if death ends him.

I must own for myself that an intelligent response by a few raps which says, "I am still alive," makes the finest discourse I ever heard—kick the beam. Of course I do not wish to hear interminably that hopeful expression, for that would be monotonous, but the knowledge and the memory of that occult affirmation is forever with me, and gilds with interest sometimes even the weak pabulum that is uttered on the platform, even if the strong does not need it, but even then the mysterious association of the divinity that is around us, which the phenomena teach, is a fascination.

I am aware there are wonderfully gifted people on the spiritual platform, whose intellectual light has reached them over the royal road rather than by study, but I am a great believer, nevertheless, in a

study. It is the phenomena that have interpreted the source of the inspiration, for were it not for this sensuous proof of an invisible environment of intelligence, such curiosities of mentality would be classed under the head of genius. They would have been the world's property just the same, and such curiosities antedate Modern Spiritualism, but without our manifestations the intelligent explanation of them would have been wanting.

Modern Spiritualism is a key that has unlocked many doors in the arcana of nature, and Modern Spiritualism means phenomenal Spiritualism, for the phenomena, that is, the sensuous proof of a disembodied human intelligence is its only distinguishing feature; everything else appertaining to it is common property, with all the other *isms*. Virtue, morals, education, eloquence, and even immortal life are as much the teachings of the church as they are of our modern light. One significant fact is that we claim to have knowledge on the latter point, while the church has only hope and faith, and, as I have said, our fact does not rest on argument, or the lessons of philosophy, but wholly on the sensuous manifestations which give Modern Spiritualism its *raison d'être*, and which so many of our platform lights are disposed to sit upon as a subordinate matter, or of minor importance.

When a future life becomes a matter of knowledge instead of being only a matter of faith, it illuminates the church, as well as being a light in itself, and in doing so makes Bible revelation rational by making fables possible facts, and if one observes the progress of general religious thought, he will see that it is already reproducing the foreworld again, giving faith a new lease of life and a higher name, and is making the church a more rational institution. Modern Spiritualism, then, may be called a revival of religion, and the weakest thing a platform light can do is to take the accent off of the phenomenal syllable and put it on their own, of which, as I have said, there seems to be a tendency particularly among those who do not draw full houses.

One must not suppose that the nuclei of people who gather as Spiritualists at the meetings large and small, and which might be called in commercial language the "visible supply," represents all of Spiritualism, or even its body politic. The Rev. M. J. Savage, who has said the truest words of Spiritualism of any outsider that I can remember, speaking of the magnitude of the movement, says: "Thousands and thousands in Europe and America believe in its central claim, not to mention the thousands and thousands of silent believers who no not like to be called knave or fool, so keep still about it. Like Nicodemus they come by night 'lest they be cast out of the synagogue.'" I have an idea that the Reverend gentleman himself belongs to the latter class, and his hospitality to it, is its manifestation. Now we must include that large silent multitude as part of the progress or increase, or spread of the thought, which is so phenomenal as a movement, and which is not manifest in what I call the "visible supply" alone.

In this city there are not more attendants at the meetings than there were twenty years ago. I think we have never had such meetings as those held at the Melodeon a quarter of a century ago, and a decade or two later those held in Music Hall. True, there are more meetings now, and elsewhere also, there are more meetings now than there were then, though in some places there were meetings where there are none now, but including the additions, the "visible supply" not only does not indicate the progress, or spread of the thought, but is not of itself phenomenal or extraordinary; but its real volume, expressed and understood, is enormous in so short a period—less than forty years. The Church itself is full of Spiritualism. Perhaps I can illustrate my meaning by referring to Theodore Parker. When he died his large congregation gradually dwindled, his church or following became a small affair. As a nucleus of Parkerism it has petered out. A few years after his departure his enemies pointed to its insignificance and said: "Heresy cannot build a church." But Parkerism as an idea has swallowed the liberal churches and toned up or rationalized more or less, the evangelical, and the arch-heretic of three or four decades ago is the canonized saint to-day, and churches claim him as their product, with whom in his life they had no sympathy, or welcome to their pulpits. Has Parkerism died out? There never was so much of it as there is to-day. It means free thought in religion. In the same way as we see the flavor of Parker in all the churches, so has Spiritualism in a ten-fold ratio flavored the churches. The liberal ones are full of it, not always labeled by its name, "but a rose by any other name will smell as sweet," and rational thought, which is another way of saying common sense, is more manifest than it was in church teachings, and that unquestionably is a spirit influence, and when death comes the minister consoles the mourner with pleasant thoughts of the departed, in the language of our thought, for which he has no authority except that of our phenomena.

I think the mission of Spiritualism is to illuminate the church, that is what I mean by a revival of religion. It has never seemed to me as if Spiritualism was to be one more circle or outer wave from the shock of Protestantism, according to the logic, "no halting place between Rome and Reason," like the preceding *isms*, but was to enter into all of them as a universal solvent, and in time the

churches of to-day become spiritual temples. I think there is more spirituality to-day in the churches than there is in the gatherings of the Spiritualists. What I have called in this article the "visible supply" of Spiritualism, as represented by its gatherings or societies, is deficient in the sentiment of religion. Many good souls deplore it and envy the possessors of it in the churches, and try to fan it into a flame and adopt Christian methods, often stick to the church and its societies, and wish it had more distinctly the facts or phenomena that has lifted the veil for them, that will as surely come as the world moves.

I do not expect to see what I have called the "visible supply" of Spiritualism dwindle out as Theodore Parker's church has, for Spiritualism is a great movement. What Miss Phelps calls the "psychical wave" is no myth. The "gates are ajar" and the world feels it and there will continue to be a large body of people representing Spiritualism in its modern aspect, heterogeneous in its make up as a matter of course, but it will not represent this great modern spiritual movement any more than the five tailors represented London, when they met and adopted their resolution which commenced, "We the people of London," etc.

Our truth is bound to prevail. It is what the world wants, but it will be closely connected with religion. The defect to-day in the "visible supply" a labeled Spiritualism, is its lack of the religious element. Many see it and so we have "Christian Spiritualists" and other "alliances" to make Spiritualism a religion. These movements are pointers. I am under no concern of mind. Neither religion nor Spiritualism are going to die out of the earth, but they are certain to coalesce and though the church, to a great extent says now to this "visible supply" of Spiritualism, "get thee behind me Satan," it does not shake my faith in this prevision, "that the stone that the builders have so far rejected will become the head of the corner."

I can not carry out my argument without making this article too long. So if the readers will try to remember what I have so far said, I will continue in a second part.

Gov. Stanford and the Presidency.

[The National Republican, of Washington, in a double-length editorial, discussing the presidential chances of various probable candidates, gives its preference to our distinguished fellow-citizen, statesman and philanthropist, Leland Stanford, as follows—adding the information, by the way, that Gov. Stanford does not desire to be a candidate for the office.]

The Pacific Coast has never had a President or a candidate. That section of Republicans is an important factor in the wealth, enterprise and future commerce of this country. Many ideas that have and will affect the legislation of this republic were born there. Should the Pacific Coast present the name of Senator Leland Stanford, it will command the respect of the American people. It is not too much to say that mainly by his efforts the republic was bound together by a band of steel at a time when it was threatened with dismemberment into several republics. Whatever of disadvantage there may be in possessing great wealth in the minds of plain people, they will not forget that Mr. Stanford has given employment to more than sixteen thousand men annually, paid them promptly, and without a strike upon all the railways of which he stands at the head. They will not forget, also, that the grandest gift in the world's history by a private citizen to endow an institution of learning was made by him for the education of the children of the people in practical business and mechanical arts, as well as in letters; and that as a United States Senator, he has profoundly studied the necessary changes in our laws to enable the association of labor alone, or of labor and capital, on the most advantageous terms of labor.

PHYSICAL MORALITY.—Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for, as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a *duty*. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to Nature's dictates, they regard simply as grievances, not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagitious, though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime; yet they do not think themselves in any way criminal. It is true that, in the case of drunkenness, the viciousness of a bodily transgression is recognized; but none appear to infer that, if this bodily transgression is vicious, so, too, is every bodily transgression. The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are *physical sins*.—Herbert Spencer.

ENTHUSIASM begets enthusiasm, eloquence produces conviction for the moment; but it is only by truth to nature and the everlasting institutions of mankind that those abiding influences are won that enlarges from generation to generation.

We don't develop civilization by driving a wedge into society. We drive the wedge under the lower strata, and when we go up at all, we all go up together.

Nothing that is self-evident can be proper subject for examination.—South.

A Musical Surprise.

The congregation which assembled at Father Ubach's church for 8 o'clock mass yesterday morning, were treated to a surprise in the way of music, which they will not soon forget. The edifice was crowded, many kneeling in the vestibule for want of room inside. At a few minutes past 8, Father Ubach ascended the altar steps, when soft tones from the organ seemed to impress the congregation that something unusual was about to transpire, and sure enough a soprano voice, clear and sympathetic, began the first notes of an *Ave Maria*. The voice, growing louder, as the air proceeded, rose to the highest attainable pitch, making the church, for the moment, seem like a vast cathedral. But this was but a prelude to what was coming. After the sermon the organ again played a solemn and inspiring air, no one for a moment suspecting the rich, vocal treat about to follow. This time a wonderful bass voice, vibrating and sonorous, was heard, beginning on the lowest notes, gradually rising to a tone of pathos and power that fairly made the church-rings, causing many to turn in their seats to see who the singer could be, when just at this moment the same magnificent soprano voice caught up the air, making of it a kind of duet, alternating between the lowest and the loudest bass tones and the highest and most powerful soprano notes possible to conceive. To say that all this produced a sensation in a church where no music is ever heard at early Sunday mass, will cause no wonder. When Father Rousseau, of the Old Mission of San Luis Obispo, made it known here that Mr. Jesse Shepard had given a grand concert in his church, Father Ubach at once importuned the celebrated artist to sing at one of his services. Mr. Jesse Shepard consented, choosing early mass for the occasion, and it goes without saying that the surprise and gratification caused by his generous act were complete, and appreciated by one of the largest congregations ever gathered in that church. It is well that but few persons knew of Mr. Shepard's intention to sing, for had it been generally known, the crowd would have been so great that but a small fraction of his friends could have got within hearing distance.—*Daily San Diego*, June 13, 1887.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Should some of your readers think the above description of Mr. Shepard's singing in St. Joseph's Church exaggerated, I take this opportunity of saying that the reporter of the *San Diego* might have said much more. I was among the fortunate number who heard the music on that occasion, and the next day I called on Father Ubach at his residence in order to see what opinion he might express concerning it. His enthusiasm knew no bounds. He declared that he never had heard anything so grand and wonderful; that the singing seemed to fill the space around the altar where he was, and that he noticed several in the congregation turn pale with emotion. After the services, the nuns from the convent, who occupied the front pews, asked Father Ubach who the singers were that composed the grand choir, and he smilingly answered them that the music all came through the throat and fingers of a young man named Jesse Shepard.

This truly cultured priest understood and appreciated every requisite condition to obtain the highest and most sublime inspiration, for he said to me that it was the "infusion of the Holy Spirit;" that such a gift was superhuman, and could not originate in evil controls for it was ennobling in its influence and effects. He said he could readily understand how necessary it was to have perfect quiet and harmony to obtain such inspiration, as it required such great concentration of thought and a most powerful brain to develop such faculties. Father Farley, who was also present, said that the music was "heavenly," and that Mr. Shepard was the most wonderfully gifted young man he had ever met.

Yours fraternally,
L. WADEMAR TONNER.
SAN DIEGO, June 15, 1887.

LINCOLN'S SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH.—Gen. Robert P. Kennedy, in his Memorial-Day oration at Dayton, gave this pleasant anecdote of himself and Abraham Lincoln: "I once heard Abraham Lincoln before he became President, standing before the great multitude, tall, gaunt, with his long arms swinging listlessly at his sides, swaying backward and forward like a mighty oak. A part of his address I quote from memory, after a lapse of nearly thirty years: 'I hold this truth to be self-evident: What is right in South Carolina is right in Connecticut; what is wrong in Connecticut is wrong in South Carolina. I hold human slavery to be wrong in Connecticut and eternally wrong in South Carolina.' After a lapse of thirty years that sentence still rings like a crystal bell. It has been emblazoned in letters of living light, and become a part of the grandest period of our history; made eternal by the sign manual of the martyred President affixed to the immortal Declaration of Emancipation. Never but once again did I see Abraham Lincoln. On the battlefield of Antietam, after the fearful storm of war had swept over it, he came to review that splendid Army of the Potomac. It had been my fortune, by chance of accident of war, young officer as I was, to be temporarily placed in charge of the troops on the extreme left of the army during a part of the battle; and when he passed I was called to the front and presented to him as the youngest commander of the Army of the Potomac. The great man bent over me, and kindly taking my hand said: 'The young men of this Nation must preserve the unity of the land and the liberty of the people.' Though I should live into the centuries, the proudest moment of my life was the moment when Abraham Lincoln clasped the hand of my young manhood and smiled down upon me like a great benediction."

—A correspondent in Santiago de Cuba, speaking of the ravages of small-pox in that region says, "The masses are ignorant blacks, 'superstitious and inclined to prayers rather than to vaccination.' According to the growing belief of the day, these people would not be considered ignorant in practicing what is now considered the acme of intellectual and spiritual development among the more advanced of their white brothers. If, as the *Christian Scientist* says, our afflictions are of the mind, not of the body, why indeed resort to medicine or physical treatment at all? Prayer and faith are surely all that is needed to heal a mind diseased; and the more simple the mind, the stronger should be its faith, and the more certain its cure."

—"My eyes happened to fall upon a number 'of your GOLDEN GATE,' writes a gentleman from Rochester, New York, 'and I am so much 'pleased with the spirit of its contents, that 'I wish it sent to my address for one year. En 'closed find \$2.50.'"

NOTICE.

All Government business attended to promptly at reasonable rates, by JOHN B. WOLFF, 103 F Street (N. E.), Washington, D. C. tf

ANNUAL MEETING.

Annual Meeting of the California Spiritualists Camp-Meeting Association will be held June 27, 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the Camp Grounds, corner of East Twelfth street and First avenue, East Oakland, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such business as may legally come before it. By order of the Board of Directors. MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism. — dollars."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROF. WAIT'S CLASS NOW MEETS AT DRUID Hall, 413utter street, every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock. To bring the instruction within the reach of all, the price for the Course of Twelve Lectures has been reduced to \$2.50. Single admission, 25 cts.

ASSEMBLY HALL, ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, Market Street (entrance on Seventh Street), every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, Mrs. J. J. Whitney. Text Medium, gives Tests from the platform.

OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION MEETS every Sunday at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth Street, Oakland. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 a. m. Lecture and Conference Meeting at 7:30 p. m. Dr. C. C. Peet, formerly of San Francisco, will occupy the platform until further notice.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 p. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 211, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

CO-OPERATION.—ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED in co-operative enterprises are invited to attend the meetings of the Sinaloa Colony Club, at 39 Fourth Street, every Sunday, at 4 p. m. Free admission. No collection.

PUBLIC MEETINGS EVERY SUNDAY AT 11 A. M. and Tuesday at 3 p. m., at No. 1206 Market Street. Subject: "Health and Healing." Miss E. J. Bennet.

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Short Sketches by the Way.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There are doubtless but very few of your readers who have ever undertaken the journey overland from San Francisco to Portland. Those who have hitherto done so, have spoken of the long and wearisome stage ride with its tedious delays from swollen streams; dangers by accidents in tumbling down the steep mountain sides, and robbery or death at the hands of the road agents. Now all is changed. Civilization, the grandest factor in human happiness, has transformed the journey into one of ease, comfort, pleasure and speed. Formerly it required from two to four weeks' time, besides considerable patience, strength and money, to traverse the seven hundred and fifty miles. The latest schedule announces through trains in forty hours with all the modern improvements, conveniences and comforts of travel at very low rates.

We left San Francisco at 4 P. M. on May 25th, via the Oregon and California Railroad, and were soon speeding through the lovely Sacramento valley with its beautiful meadows and thrifty orchards. However, we discovered a change of climate from the cool, invigorating breezes of the Golden Gate to the warm and sultry inland heat, greatly to our discomfort.

We met on board some friends from Gilroy, also the genial Secretary of the Portland Spiritualist Society, Mr. George Pleasance, a prominent business man of that city.

Right here I wish to speak of the uniform courtesy of the Pullman Palace Car conductor of this train, who made special accommodation for us, and the gentlemanly porter who never once said to us "fifty cents all around," including the caterer who served us with elaborate buffet lunches at regular intervals, never forgetting, however, to collect every time. Passing rapidly through Suisun, Woodland, Maxwell, Red Bluff and Redding, we find ourselves at daylight at Sissons, entering the beautiful and romantic Strawberry Valley, with Mt. Shasta on our right looming up grandly 14,000 feet, whose base is covered by a forest of tall, rich, evergreen pines in strong contrast with its peak of solid white covered with eternal snow.

At Hornbrook, the terminus of the California division, the passengers and baggage are transferred to stages to cross the Siskiyou Mountains pending the completion of the tunnel. Six stages drawn by six and eight horses complete the trip over the mountain, a distance of twenty-nine miles in about four hours' time. The road is a good one, and the drivers are careful. The ascent of the mountain constitutes one of the most beautiful features of the journey. The scenery is everywhere of the grandest and most varied character. Under this high altitude the quality of the light is so pure that one can see a vast panorama of varied foreground of green and gold in contrast with vast ranges of snow-capped mountains, which stretch eastward to the base of the Rocky Mountains and westward to the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. Brooks and rivulets from the snow find their way down the mountain sides through canyon and gorge to the meadows and lakes on the one side, and through the valleys to the sea on the other.

Between seven and eight thousand men, mostly Chinese, are engaged at this point working on the road-bed and tunnel, which is to be completed sometime during this Fall. At the summit we cross the boundary line, and while the tired horses are being changed for fresh ones, the passengers enjoy a mountain lunch provided by the natives. Our party is conducted to an old log cabin built nearly a half century ago by an early hunter and trapper in a romantic spot. "Old Black Joe," as we were impressed to call him and which proved to be his name, is an aged colored man, who presides over this unique hostelry and supplied us with abundance for the inner man, and tells us adventures of hair breadth escapes which he, with the early settlers, had encountered with the Indians and wild beasts.

Down the western slope of the mountain we go with rapid speed, nearly taking our breath away, each turn in the road causing our hearts to leap into our throats as we pass the edge of some mighty precipice, while each fresh bump assists digestion, by turning our livers over, while we catch glimpses of new beauty on every hand. As we approach Ashland we find ourselves in a different country and climate. The last hundred miles of Northern California was comparatively dry and barren, the soil of the foothills being mostly of lava formation. But here in Southern Oregon everything looks fresh and green. The meadows of rich, waving grain, the orchards in full bloom, vegetation everywhere abundant and rank.

At Ashland we again board the waiting train and are soon speeding through the lovely valley and along the banks of the beautiful Willamette river. We pass the second night from San Francisco on board this train. At daylight we are near Salem, the capital city of Oregon, having passed through the numerous thriving towns en route, chief of which are Medford, Roseburg and Eugene City. Here also we have in full view the snow-capped peaks of Mt. Scott, Mt. Pitt, Diamond Peak, Mt. Jefferson, the Three Sisters and Mt.

Hood. At Oregon City we view the romantic Falls of the Willamette and arrive in East Portland at 9:30 A. M.

Here we cross the ferry to Portland, the largest and most thriving city north of San Francisco. Owing to previous engagements further north, we stop here but a brief hour, promising ourselves the pleasure of a more extended visit on our return. Leaving Portland via the North Pacific Railroad, we soon arrive at the far-famed Columbia river, where the entire train is transferred by ferry boat, on board which we dine, while crossing, on salmon caught in the river the same day. We had anticipated much pleasure from this meal, but, notwithstanding, everything was of the best, and served in excellent style, the fish seemed dry and tasteless compared to the fire flavor and richness of our own Sacramento river salmon. The river at this point is nearly a mile in width; the sail across is a delightful one.

At Kalama our train runs upon dry ground again and we find ourselves in Washington Territory. Some of your readers will smile at "dry ground" being a product of this portion of the globe, where it is said to rain thirteen months in the year, but I was informed by a native that there had been no rain for nearly two weeks, and the web feet were beginning to crack open on account of the drought! We pass through many miles of wild forests of fir trees with here and there an opening for a post office among the burnt stumps, and occasionally a right smart town waiting for the boom to strike it.

At 6 P. M. we arrive at Tacoma, the "City of Destiny," as George Francis Train has called it. A beautiful city of eight or ten thousand inhabitants and the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Of our work in this place I will tell you in my next. D. J. S.

COL. INGERSOLL ON LAWYERS.—The Boston Herald quotes Col. Bob Ingersoll as saying: "The lawyer is merely a sort of intelligent strumpet. He is prepared to receive big fees, and make the best of either side of any case. He is a sort of burglar in the realm of mentality. It is a fortunate thing for the lawyers that, whenever a man is created who has the peculiar faculty for legal acquirements and controversy, at the same time enough fools spring into existence to give him a good living. It is illustrated in the story of the man who studied for the ministry and occupied the pulpit for a number of years without success, and then studied law, and, entering upon its practice, made a fortune at it. He declared he found men more willing to pay for having their own way, than to be guaranteed their souls or to keep their bodies whole. My ideal of a lawyer is that great English attorney who, having accumulated a fortune of £1,000,000, left it all in a will to make a home for idiots, declaring that he wanted to give it back to the people from whom he took it. I never want to know much about my clients. I never want to know whether they are guilty or not. I do not even care to know what they can prove. What I want to know is what the other fellow can prove. When I know that, I am ready for business."

Bits of Philosophy.

Duty is a thing that is due, and must be paid by every man who would avoid present discredit and eventual moral insolvency.

Conscience sets a man upon his feet, while his will holds him upright.

Life is a battle that is to be fought valiantly.

Unless men can serve faithfully, they will not rule wisely.

A household can not be governed by lying.

While we see the cloud, let us not shut our eyes to the silver lining.

Be reasonable; it is a great deal to ask under some circumstances, but do try; reasonable men are rare; be rare.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Remember that servants are made of the same material as you are; a little coarser-grained, perhaps, but the same in essentials.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought.

By J. J. OWEN,

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose Mercury, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the Mercury by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the Mercury's readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind.—*San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the Mercury printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

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EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The following editorial from the *Buen Sentido* of the 10th of May last, issued at Lerida, Spain, under the heading of "The Sacrament of Marriage," shows the terrible evils and dangers of the Confessional in Catholic countries and the feeling of hostility that it arouses, not only among Spiritualists, like the editor of the above semi-monthly Spanish sheet, but among all thinking men and good citizens of any country. The work alluded to below, having been published with approval of the ecclesiastical authorities, involves in censure not merely the Jesuit author and the Jesuit society, but the responsible representatives of the Catholic church also. In this light and as a voice of warning to our people with whom that church is so active and successful, the article is worthy of special attention, and hence I translate it, for the benefit of your readers, as follows:

W. W. T.

A book with the title of "The Holy Sacrament of Marriage" has just been reprinted from its first publication of the year 1604, issued with all the requisite ecclesiastical authorizations and recommendations, being the work of Father Thomas Sanchez (of Cordova) of the Society of Jesus (or Jesuits). Its new editor, to whom we are indebted for a copy politely sent us, dedicates it to fathers and husbands in these significant words:

"Having published this book specially for you, I must not dedicate it to any others than to you. Read it with the utmost care and don't allow your daughters and your wives even to have a look at its outside; but think only of the perils to which you expose their honor and your own, by allowing them to go and kneel down at the feet of a set of men who make use of such works to teach how to regulate consciences in the Confessional."

In the whole book, containing more than two hundred quarto pages, there is not a single line that can be read free from indignation and a shame that must make the blood suffuse the cheeks.

It is a treatise full of all the filth of dissoluteness. Every monstrosity and aberration of fornication appears in it cynically described and pictured out without diminution or omission. All that can be conceived, invented of the most unbridled lasciviousness, the famous theologian has conceived, invented and emptied out into his book. Thomas Sanchez is the light-house of Catholicism and the Priapus of the Society of Jesus.

The intention of the editor in reprinting this work is laudable. He proposed to open the eyes of that multitude of imprudent husbands and fathers of families who allow their wives and daughters to visit the tribunal of penitence, where they run the gravest risk of contaminating their honor and purity. He wanted them to measure the entire depth of the abyss, on the brink of which they abandon their honor and the virtue of the beings whom they most dearly love, and the entire corruption that can issue from the lips of the Confessor, who penetrates into the conscience of those persons so dearly beloved. For ourselves we not only do not dare approve the publication of the book, but we heartily regret it.

The editor adds the following:

"We would write another book as large as this, if we had to give expression to the indignation that its letter and spirit produce in us, or if we should undertake to give even a faint idea of the evils that its teachings may introduce to the fireside of home, that temple of family religion."

This very censure is the exact judgment that the work of the theologian Sanchez merits; it is a heap of dung, a pool of stinking filth, whose deadly miasma can not but infect the air. The moral health of families, the peace and honor of fathers and husbands, the chaste modesty of daughters and the conjugal fidelity of wives demand that this book should not cross the threshold of the home; that its reading should be forbidden, as we would forbid, if we could, the small-pox, the typhus or malarial fever.

Socrates.

With regard to prayer, Socrates made a point of not asking for definite things, not knowing whether they would be good for him. But he prayed the gods to give him what it would be best for him to have, which they alone could know. Owing to his poverty, his sacrifices were small; but he believed that, if offered in a pious spirit, they would be equally accepted by the gods. And he used to say that it was a good maxim, with regard to friends and guests, and all the relations of life, "Perform according to your ability."

Perhaps the most often quoted conversation of Socrates is that which he held with a young man named Aristodemus, who affected to despise religious observance. Having obtained from him the admission that he revered the genius of creative artists, Socrates asked him how he could avoid reverencing the intelligent design so copiously exhibited in the framework of man—in the adaptation of the organs to the different objects of sense—in the admirable defense provided by means of the eyelids and eyelashes for the eye—in the arrangement of the incisor and molar teeth—in the maternal instinct and all the instincts of self-preservation which keep our species from destruction. He asked if all this, as well as all the orderly mechanism of the heavens, could be the work of chance? Aristodemus replied

that he could not see any directors of the universe. To which Socrates retorted, "Why, you can not see your own soul, the director of your body, and you might as well say your own actions are the result of chance." Aristodemus now shifted his ground, and said, "I do not ignore the divine power, but I think it too grand to need my worship." "The grander it is," said Socrates, "surely the more it should be honored by you, if it condescends to take care of you."

Extracts from a London Letter.

(By the courtesy of Jesse Shepard, of this city, we are permitted to publish the following interesting letter from his accomplished sister, Miss Letitia A. Shepard, who is now in London.—SAN DIEGO BEE.)

We find ourselves caught in the tide of Jubileism, which rises higher and higher every day. On all sides elaborate preparations are in progress for the numberless pageants and festivals which are to celebrate the Jubilee of England's Queen.

We hear of Jubilee balls, dinners and banquets; Jubilee addresses, books, poems, pictures and songs, while the shop windows are filled with Jubilee scarfs, fans, handkerchiefs, pincushions and miscellaneous pretty trifles of a like perishable nature, *ad infinitum*.

For a year past letters have constantly appeared in the columns of the London newspapers from "all sorts and conditions of men," but loyal Britons all, making various suggestions, wise and unwise, as to the most fitting mode of doing honor to their Queen on the completion of her prosperous and, upon the whole, happy reign of half a century. Some of these suggestions were amusing enough; as for instance, that of one London gentleman, who stated that in his opinion there could be no more appropriate way of celebrating the coming event with due *clat* than by cleaning the outside of St. Paul's Cathedral. Strange as it may appear, this was not intended as a joke. It was meant in perfect good faith. It is true the exterior of that famous edifice is in an extremely grimy condition, but what connection could exist between the Queen's Jubilee and such a cleansing process—supposing the latter could be accomplished—is beyond the ken of ordinary people. One is reminded of the meeting held in Sidney Smith's day, to discuss the desirability of heating the great cathedral. "Heat St. Paul's?" exclaimed the witty Canon, "You might as well attempt to heat the county of Middlesex." A more sensible and in view of the poverty which exists in this huge metropolis—more beneficent way of honoring the event has just been started by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper, who propose having a feast in Hyde Park, on Jubilee day, for 30,000 of the poorest children attending the London schools, and who head the subscription for this object with a donation of five thousand dollars.

The distinguished actor, Henry Irving, has invited two thousand children from the Ragged School Union to repair to his beautiful theater, the Lyceum, on the same day, to witness a performance of the "Merchant of Venice." How varied and interesting the opinions of such an audience, upon such a play would be if one could only obtain them.

The principal event of the day, however, June 21st, will be the Thanksgiving service at Westminster Abbey, which will be attended by the Queen, all her children and grandchildren, and thirty-three other members of the royal families of Europe. Among other noted foreigners who are expected to be present is Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii, who will be the guest of Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. One of the most *recherche* of the Jubilee entertainments will no doubt be the ball, which is to be given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House, the last of June.

The American exhibition is proving a great success. A more favorable time could not have been chosen for it. London is full of strangers from all parts of the world, who have come to take part in the Jubilee celebration; and the series of exhibitions which have been held at South Kensington for some years past having been brought to a close last year, the American has no rival exhibition to compete with.

Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" is immensely popular with all classes of the people, from royalty down, and attracts thousands of people daily. In addition to its other merits, it possesses, for Londoners at least, the great charm of novelty. With the exception of the Queen, and perhaps Gladstone, Buffalo Bill is one of the most talked about people in the metropolis just now. His commanding figure and gray sombrero are already well known, and he is the recipient of much pleasant attention from various persons of high social position.

At the meet of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park recently, one of the most fashionable gatherings of the season, Buffalo Bill, in his exhibition dress, accompanied Lord Charles Beresford on the box-seat of the latter's splendidly-appointed coach, and was "the observed of all observers." Not one of the royal people, of whom there were several present, attracted so much notice, and there could hardly be a stronger proof than that given of the curiosity and interest with which he is regarded. For, as Sir Wilfred Lawson remarked, with much truth in the House of Commons the other evening, "there is nothing which the people of England enjoy more than staring at a Prince."

Apropos of Buffalo Bill and the House of Commons: Before the exhibition opened, Bill and the leading members of his company devoted most of their spare time to sight-seeing. Bill was invited, by some gentlemen in authority, to visit the House one evening while a debate of more than ordinary interest was in progress. Upon arriving there he was conducted to a prominent seat in the strangers' gallery, from which point of vantage all that went on below could be heard and seen. On leaving, Bill was asked what he thought of the British Parliament, to which he coolly replied, that it was "quite a respectable assembly." L. A. S.

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RUPTURE

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Commemorative Poem.

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

Written by request of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, La., Div. (Veterans), and read at the unveiling of the statue of Albert Sidney Johnston, April 6, 1887.

Muffle no drums, ring out rejoicing bugles,
Let banners flutter in exultant play;
To peace, to fame, to memories undying,
To deeds immortal consecrate the day!
Steady, men, steady; lo! a Presence passes!
Again on April's turf the flowers have blown,
And Shiloh's hero once again is with you—
The victory of victories his own!

Out from the shadow and the awful sorrow,
Out from the fire, and blood, and death, and pain,
Which steeped in crimson Shiloh's fateful Sabbath,
Your old Commander comes to you again:
Not with disordered ranks and trailing banners,
Not in the consternation of defeat,
But with the star of Peace in silent splendor
Lighting the path for his illustrious feet.

Where blooms the eternal lily, he has listened,
Far in the Mystic Land of Destinies,
And heard the voices of the vanquished shouting,
And seen defeat merged into victories.
Steady, men, steady! soldiers of his banner,
And foes who watched his course with bated breath,
Close ranks! touch hands! for only friends and brothers
Meet here upon the Neutral Ground of Death.

He has not died. There is no grave for glory,
No shroud, no coffin, no imprisoning clay;
All that was mortal of him lies in ashes,
All that was best of him is yours to-day;
The valorous deed, the high, heroic spirit,
The courage, truth, simplicity and pride,
The moral stature, and the martial grandeur,
That crypt, nor turf, nor marble e'er can hide.

He comes responsive to your calling bugles,
The echo of your well remembered cheers,
Familiar voices, and the notes of Dixie,
The smiles of comrades and their welcoming tears!
He knows again his tried and trusty soldiers,
However masked by time they now may be;
He knows again the beardless, boyish faces
That swelled his old command in Tennessee.

Veterans! ye gallant men of many battles,
Whose comrades slumber under countless sods,
Ye who like heroes fought for what ye cherished,
And bore your hopeless overthrow like gods!
Your Chief again joins you 'neath your country's banner,
There bids ye rally till your latest breath,
And bear the old flag ever undiminished,
On through life's conflicts to the gates of death.

Oh, sound his name wherever valor marches,
Where heroes and where martyrs are enshrined,
Where fadeless laurels for immortal forebears
By consecrated fingers are entwined.
Aye! let his name go ringing down the ages,
Write it in bronze across Fame's shining field;
A brave man's deeds belong to all the nation;
Then stamp his record on his country's shield!

Steady, men, steady; lo! a Presence passes!
Again on April's turf the flowers have blown,
And Shiloh's hero once again is with you—
The victory of victories his own!

God No Respector of Persons.

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

The following poem, recently recited by J. J. Morse, at the Camp Meeting, through familiar to many readers, is good enough to republish.

John and Peter, and Robert and Paul—
God, in his wisdom, created them all.
John was a statesman and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul was a knave.
Evil or good, as the case might be,
White or colored, or bond or free,
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God, in his wisdom, created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compound of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the laws that compel men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee—
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God, in his wisdom, created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his State,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great;
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own;
Robert great glory and honor received
For zealously preaching what no one believed;
While Paul of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day.
John was mourned through the length and breadth
Of the land;
Peter fell 'neath the lash of a merciless hand;
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue,
While Paul, was convicted of murder, and hung;
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul—
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the statesman, "How noble and brave!"
But of Peter, alas! "He was only a slave!"
Of Robert, "Tis well with his soul—it is well!"
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell!
Born by one law, through all nature the same,
WHAT made them differ, and who was to blame?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God, in his mercy, created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white;
Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies;
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of a God-given soul,
Who shall determine what change may befall
John and Peter and Robert and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase;
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace;
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit, and less in the word;
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth:
Than the passions of man had allowed him on earth;
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul—
God, in his wisdom, will care for them all!

Her Face.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

Scant beauty nature gave her; in disguise
Rugged and harsh she bade her go about
With face unlovely, save the dark, sad eyes,
From which her fearless soul looked bravely out.

But Life took up the chisel, used her face
Roughly, with many blows, as sculptors use a block;
It wrought a little while, and lo! a grace
Fell, as a sunbeam falls upon a rock.

Across her soul a heavy sorrow swept,
As tidal waves sweep sometimes o'er the land,
Leaving her face, when back it ebbed and crept,
Tranquil and purified, like tide-washed sand.

And of her face her gentleness grew part,
And all her holy thoughts left their trace;
A great love found its way within her heart,
Its root was there, its blossom in her face.

So, when Death came to set the sweet soul free
From the poor body that was never fair,
We watched her face, and marveled much to see
How Life had carved for Death an angel there.

LINCOLN'S PRAYER.—The following touching story of Lincoln is related to me by Col. Dayton, to whom I am already indebted for several excellent morceaux of reminiscence: "Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, Gen. Sickles, badly wounded, was brought to Washington by some members of his staff and was taken to the private house of a Mr. Dule, on F street, opposite, or nearly opposite, the Ebbitt House. The brave hero of many a hard-won field was very near his last muster. The morning after his arrival President Lincoln, with his boy Tad, was announced. He walked with solemn step into the room where the General lay hardly gasping. We all thought he was dying. Dr. Simms was holding his pulse, and as Mr. Lincoln approached the bedside with Tad he was much affected. He raised his head to heaven, while big drops of tears fell from his eyes, and offered up the most fervent prayer I ever heard. Not a dry eye was in that room; all, even Tad, were sobbing. I can not remember the exact words of the prayer, but this portion will never be effaced from my memory: 'Oh, God, let me not lose all my friends in this war.' Mr. Lincoln was very fond of Gen. Sickles, and visited him almost every day, and sent flowers of the choicest kind to his room daily from the White House conservatory."—*Washington Hatchet*.

HOW TO STOP COUGHING.—In a lecture once delivered by the celebrated Dr. Brown-Sequard he gave the following directions, which may prove serviceable to persons troubled with a nervous cough:—"Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped by the same mechanism. Pressing also, in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside is also a means of stopping coughing. And I may say the will has immense power, too. There was a French surgeon who used to say, whenever he entered the wards of the hospital: 'The first patient who coughs will be deprived of food to-day.' It was exceedingly rare that a patient coughed then."

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Beautiful Home of the Soul.
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Gathering Flowers in Heaven.
In Heaven We'll know Our Own.
I'm Going to My Home.
Love's Golden Chain.
Our Beautiful Home Over There.
Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.
Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes.
The City just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are left ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
We're Coming, Sister Mary.
We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land.
When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

"THE CENTURY."

"THE CENTURY" is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

The Life of Lincoln,

BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIES, JOHN G. NICOLAY AND COL. JOHN HAY.

This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln, and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the inside history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration,—important details of which have hitherto remained unrevealed, that they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

THE WAR SERIES,

Which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

(With illustrations), include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedral; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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A SHORT SERIAL STORY by MRS. BURNETT, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of ST. NICHOLAS.

WAR STORIES for BOYS and GIRLS. GEN. BADEAU, chief-of-staff, biographer, and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers, describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture-gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl of to-day took part.

THE SERIAL STORIES include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also, "Jenny's Boarding-House," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

SHORT ARTICLES, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy); and "Recollections of the Naval Academy," "Boring for Oil" and "Among the Gas-wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. T. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc., etc. The subscription price of ST. NICHOLAS is \$3 a year; 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and newsdealers everywhere, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free), containing full prospectus, etc., etc.

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